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"BUZZIN."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THOMPSON, WITH A P.

Hurra! huzza! the lost science I've found,
That old sages and wise men did perplex and confound,
Of modern arts worth a dozen,
The great science of "Buzzin,"
Our admiration it does truly command,
Though enshrined in the dust
Of antiquity's must,
Its results, how stupendous and grand;
But as mortals and Christians, we've a good right to grieve,
When the "old serpent" in Eden "Buzz'd' our good mother Eve.

The Author, the Artist, this great science employ,
When the fruit of their talent and skill they'd enjoy;
The Lawyer and M.D.,
With the Parson agree,
In extolling its merits so rare;
And even the "rough,"
Finds it handy enough,
When he happens to go on a "tear;"
When the disorderly charge is declared to be fudge—
Because some influential friend just "Buzzes" the judge.

In politics, too, to obtain your desires,
"Buzz" earnestly those who've control of the "wires;"
And your own trumpet blow,
Neither softly nor low,
Regardless whom it pleases or suits;
And if you should win,
You're entitled to grin,
To think that you're "snug in your boots;"
And those "beats" that "buck'd" at you, your defeat their sole wish,
Are "left out in the cold," while you gain the "posish."

In love, too, how mighty, how like magic its spell,
The dark clouds of indifference to dissolve and dispel—
And should you once gain the ear
Of the maid you hold dear,
And "Buzz" of your truth and affection,
Then you may "bet your life"
You'll gain a good wife,
If you strictly obey the direction.
Do you doubt it? Only just try it a "hack,"
And see if on you she will ever "go back."

Would you prosper in business, then this plan pursue—
"Buzz" the public—'tis a secret only known to a few;
This gentle hint must suffice,
Do you advertise
In some journal of the week, or the day:
And at the end of the year
You will find, never fear,
That your receipts will exceed the outlay.
To secure this result, don't try to shave or to cozen
But simply employ the grand science of "Buzzin."

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER V.

A SPECIMEN OF THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL—BOY AND MAN IN THE SAME PLACE—AN OFFER FROM A GENEROUS EMPLOYER GRACEFULLY DECLINED—TOO YOUNG TO RETIRE—THE PRETTY ARABELLA—BROOKLYN ON A STORMY DAY—AN OLD WOMAN AND HER MUTTERINGS—THE FELLOWSHIP OF CRIME—A DISAPPOINTMENT—A MISHAP IN THE STREET—FEMALE ANGELS—VAGUE SURMISES.

The elder Darcie, of whom and his amiable spouse we have already said a little, although he had a new fashioned mansion, up town, in Twenty-second street, had an old fashioned counting house, down town, in South street, opposite to Brooklyn. There he had transacted business almost daily for the past thirty-five years, as principal, not to count the time he was a fixture in a minor capacity, during the reign of his father. There was a quiet, cozy look about the place, a look of thorough business as well. Some dozen men were employed there at regular salaries—the chief in that respect, as he was the oldest in years, being one Mr. Davis. John was his baptismal appellation, but for his credit, let us record our belief that he was no relation to the secessionist Davis, who for some months bygone has been playing a quantity of fantastic tricks before high heaven and the people of these United States.

John Davis was a good old soul; a faithful servant to his employer, agreeable to his co-laborers; a widower, and the father of one daughter, Arabella, who superintended his housekeeping, and who, moreover, according to her father's report, was the very image of her mother, dead about a dozen years—Arabella being just twenty at the period we write of, and presenting a ruddy complexion, a large quantity of auburn hair, a comely, round figure, and the bluest eyes we ever saw. A true child of nature was Arabella Davis—a gay, laughing, romping creature, and withal, an excellent housekeeper.

Her father was one of those worthies now so seldom met with, who can be happy, temperate, and social over the homely glass and pipe. He had a select circle of acquaintances—old men, like himself, to whom, whether under the influence of the same glass or pipe, he had, a hundred times at least, recounted the story of his younger days—how, left a destitute orphan at five years of age, he had been adopted by "John Darcie the first," as it was his habit of designating the father of the present merchant; and how he had been gradually promoted until the offer had been made to him (by "John Darcie the second") to retire if he liked on his full salary—an offer, however, which being still "young" and strong, he had respectfully declined. "No retirement for me," he had said at the time, and often repeated since; "not for a dozen or fifteen years—no!"

Though destined to be connected with some of the principal persons in our story, and with some of its stirring events, honest John Davis is brought to our notice at this particular stage, through one of those rare accidents which a newspaper itemizer would value. To bring this more obviously before the reader, it will be necessary for us to take a trip over to the "consolidated" city, and note a little incident of which that locality was the scene a few days after the visit of Captain Freeman to the panel house in Thomas street.

It was a wet, bleak afternoon. The rain, small and sharp, came down in zig zag fashion, and the wind, blowing from the northeast, seemed to penetrate to the marrow of the few persons about. New York, no matter what the weather may be, is never dull, but it is different in Brooklyn, which, if a "city of churches" on a fine day, is certainly deserving of being called a "city of church-yards" on such a day as that we have referred to. But to proceed. The Darcies (father and daughter, and female "help," too) had their abode in Brooklyn, in a quiet, snug home belonging to a pleasant street, not very far, however, from the extremely unpleasant neighborhood in which a number of shanties of the poorest description are to be found, and in some of which, we have been told, the occupants live, rent free. These occupants are old and young; and it was one of the former (and a woman beside) who, on this bleak, wet day, might have been seen slowly plodding through the street in which the Davises resided, on her way to the ugly district of which she was a denizen.

She was an exceedingly miserable looking old woman, very squalid and ragged, bent in her body, seamed on her cheeks, weak and uncertain in her pace; sometimes pausing and looking wistfully about her; then resuming her walk, and mumbling to herself. Anybody near her might probably have heard her utter words to the following effect:—

"Again disappointed! not at home, the house shut up, when this is the day he told me to come, to receive my due. The hard-hearted villain! Luck has made him insolent, for lucky he is; though he ought to be abject to me, who have a right to demand tribute from him, if it is only for the sake of long association. Yet, what I have received within the past two years, has dwindled down from the old rate shamefully. And to be fooled, too! taken over the water on such a day as this! and to come back without one cent—the last I had given to the ferryman! But let him beware! A few words from these lips might yet place the hemp around his neck. Poor vengeance that, however, to think of such a day as this, when I am drenched with the rain, shiver through the cold, and am hungry—oh, so hungry!"

The pace of this aged wayfarer became slower and more uncertain, and she was just turning the street in which the Davises' house was situated, when a fresh gust of wind and an increased shower of rain, meeting her, as it were, forced her to the ground, where she continued some time, uncared for. A fit, partly the result of fright, and partly of weakness, held her mute and still. But her condition had a witness and a sympathiser—first, in the female "help" of honest John Davis; secondly, in his pretty daughter, Arabella.

"The puir body (Elsie Macpherson was a native of Scotland, and spoke with the genuine accent,) is in a sad strait, with no one near to help her. But she munna lie here to dee, when we can bring her bock to life wi' a wee warmth and food. Miss Arabella! Miss Arabella!"

"What is it, Elsie?" asked the daughter of John Davis, stepping from the house. She looked, but did not wait for a reply, which could only have confirmed her suspicions; substantiating in its place, the counsel: "Let us take her into the house, Elsie. There we can properly look to her."

Blessed and beautiful are women on ordinary occasions, but pre-eminently so when employed in the labor of goodness and charity. Angels they may well be called then, as they perform the task which angels might descend from Heaven, to acccomplish upon earth.

About three hours after these events, the weather had changed from foul to fair. No longer wet, the streets were pleasant to walk in; the wind had lulled, and a moon near the full was shining down, with a placid ray, upon the buildings. In the interval, the old woman had received shelter in the house of the Davises, whence, warmed, fed, and otherwise comforted, she had been dismissed to her own home. The aged clerk of South street had returned early enough to see the sufferer, whose strange speech (she had been extremely fluent while in her fit,) had elicited both the fears and the interest of Arabella and Elsie.

"Over twenty years ago, a murder in New York—the victim a woman; the trial of the supposed murderer, but his escape through one of those accidents which frequently interrupt the course of justice: these matters I have a faint recollection of. And so, you tell me, the miserable old woman whom you befriended, prated of the like, when brought in here, out of the wet and the cold."

In this disjointed manner did John Davis speak when advised by the females at home of what had happened. As the reader will suppose, the very mystery of the clerk's manner tended to re-awaken the curiosity of the girls, who questioned him respecting the precise nature of the murder—in what house it was perpetrated—who was the victim, who the slayer—what events transpired to prevent the law having its own. But Davis could not satisfy their curiosity, and dismissed the subject for one more agreeable, by declaring that "it was a long time ago, and though the deed made a considerable stir then, it was gradually forgotten in the uprising of new objects of interest. Yet, anyhow, it was a cruel murder, and it might so happen (for, as a rule, the vengeance of God seems to follow the homicide) that the perpetrator might be discovered ere he died. It was not likely, however, that the mutterings of the old woman, recently gone home, could have the slightest relation to the murder, further than the mutterings of any mentally diseased person who had heard of the deed, with the thousands of New Yorkers living at the date of its occurrence." So went the tenor of the honest clerk's speech.

But perhaps he would have thought differently, had he heard the additional mutterings of the distressed old woman, as, appreciating the good done to her by Arabella and Elsie, she sat rocking herself before the embers of the fire in her own shanty, and contrasted that good with the cruel disappointment a yet unnamed man had caused her.

Let us close the chapter by the revealment of one circumstance. That day, the muttering old woman had sought, but found not, the elder Benson!

CHAPTER VI.

APPEARANCES NOT ALWAYS TO BE RELIED UPON—THE PRO AND CON OF THE CASE—SPECIAL PLEADING OF A ROBBER—BLACK MAIL TO ESCAPE THE CENSURE OF THE WORLD—DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN FREEMAN—A LADY INQUIRED FOR BUT NOT FORTHCOMING—HENRY BENSON ALIVE—HIS CUNNING PLAN—ON THE ROAD TO EFFICIENCY IN A NEW PROFESSION.

At the first blush, it may appear that Captain Freeman, on discovering Harry Benson as a panel thief, had that individual in what is called a "tight place." In this impression the seaman himself was confirmed for a short time; but a little talk soon changed the current of affairs.

"So, my young friend, I have found you here," commenced Freeman; "you whom I was forced to punish so often while at sea, and whom, moreover, I once felt inclined to send to old Davy Jones, for something out of the common in wickedness. After paying you off, on the termination of our late voyage, I thought I had turned my back on you forever. It seems, however, that we are fated to meet again, and here we are. Don't you think you have got into a pretty scrape?"

"No," replied Harry. "A scrape! How?"

"Are you be-fogged?" exclaimed Freeman. "Where do I find you, and how occupied?"

"I will answer these questions for you," replied young Benson, with provoking coolness, or stupidity it might have seemed to his late commander. "In the first place, in a panel house; in the second, in the act of—"

"Robbing me," interrupted the seaman, "and evidently in league with another criminal—a woman—in a conspiracy to take my property from my person, if not to murder me. A drugged cup, a sliding panel, the approach of a thief, and——stand where you are, Henry Benson!" the captain exclaimed, suddenly breaking the thread of his speech, and presenting a pistol, which he snatched from his breast pocket, at Benson's head. "Stand where you are, or a bullet goes through you."

"You had better be cool," advised Harry, "and by all means refrain from using your pistol—not that I fear your bullet, but because the report might bring outsiders here. There is a police station close by, and a more than ordinary number of those civic defenders in blue, known as officers, are patrolling the street, on account, I suppose, of its bad character. Say, how would you account for things if, after killing me, you were required to explain the why and the wherefore?"

"I would tell all," returned the seaman; "how, while pretending to sleep, after the feigned drinking of a drug or poison, a thief sought to practice his sleight of hand on me. You are not so foolish as to suppose the law would not hold me guiltless under these circumstances?"

"Very good," observed Benson with an Iago-like coolness; "but other items would ooze out, and be made the most of in the newspapers—for instance, that Captain Freeman, in the employment of an upright, moral establishment, and also the husband of a pious woman, and the father of children well known by a pious congregation, had visited—"

"Enough!" exclaimed Freeman, putting up his pistol, and evidently feeling the force of Benson's argument. "You may go; I will not harm you;" and he sat down, as though exhausted, in a chair.

"Umph! very good of you, I dare say; but something remains," said the younger man, taking a seat opposite to the sailor. "That is not all, Captain Freeman."

"Sir?" responded the person addressed, looking up, and evidently surprised by the continued presence of his annoyer.

"I have a little business to settle with you," went on Benson, "and it is best that I should be brief. Know then, in the first place, that this is my first appearance in the character I represent. As you suppose, a plan had been laid to rob you; and I, naturally enough under the circumstances, was anxious to come off with a goodly booty, which your wakefulness snatched from me. You perceive what I am driving at. I want money."

"Money? for what?"

"To keep quiet about this affair—that's all."

"Insolent wretch!" exclaimed Freeman, rising again from his chair. "Money, for saving you from the State's prison!"

"No," coolly rejoined Henry, "but for saving you from exposure."

"Who dare expose me?"

"I dare."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"Fool! why, at a word of mine—even at a motion of my hand, I could have you bound, conveyed to the Tombs, tried for a heinous offence, and probably so save the gallows of its proper prey."

These words came distinctly from Freeman, but they seemed to have no effect upon the man to whom they were addressed.

"All this is true," responded he. "You might have me bound, as you say, but my tongue would yet be free; and many are the men who would gladly take my items for publication in the daily papers. And what an excitement would the details cause! Captain Samuel Freeman, the trusted servant of Bleakley & Co., merchants, and the head of a religious family, found in a panel house in Thomas street, an hour after midnight!"

Freeman was silent for a time, and paced the room quickly. Then, suddenly stopping in the centre, he looked into Benson's face, and asked curtly:—

"Your fee, then, for silence—what is that?"

"Oh, I leave that for your generosity to decide," almost sneered Benson. "It is not for me to dictate."

"I am not rich, as you ought to know," said the captain, "and want all the money I have just now."

"I will not be very hard on you," returned Henry, in the same tone as before. "Say, what have you about you? Ready reckonings are always the best."

Freeman examined his pocket-book, and answered:—

"Two hundred dollars."

"That will do," was the remark of the robber, as he held forth his hand to receive the money.

"It is rather a high price for such an affair," said the seaman. "But I suppose you must have it. There!" and he counted out the money to Henry, who, after examining the bills carefully, rolled them up and deposited them in his pocket, with all the nonchalance of an honest man on receiving the price of his honest labor.

"Now, then, let me leave this den," said Freeman, taking his hat, and preparing to depart. "The place breathes of pestilence, and he was approaching the door when Benson's voice arrested him.

"What more?" asked Freeman. "Have you not done with me yet? If not, be quick."

"Don't be angry, Captain," rejoined Benson in his usual manner of coolness; "all I intended was to ask you to take a drink, prior to your departure. Prime wine," and he indicated the decanter out of which the young woman in the handsome clothes had poured the fluid she had previously solicited her visitor to quaff.

A very coarse oath passed Freeman's lips, at this apparently wanton insult and provocation. The next moment he quitted the apartment.

The sound of a bell, simply pressed on by the hand, brought an attendant to the presence of Benson.

"Where is she?" he inquired of the new comer. His words were ambiguous enough, but really alluded to the person who had been the entertainer of Freeman.

"She left the house a short time since," replied the woman.

"Indeed! That is strange," exclaimed Henry. "But never mind. There, that will do," and the female made her exit from the room.

Left to himself, young Benson commenced the discussion of the rich viands before him, all the while planning a scheme whereby he would defraud the organization to which he belonged of half the booty he had acquired. Any man save himself would have been fortunate, he argued, in getting off from such a business with a free body. It had been his own circumstances that had enabled him to make the purse he had. What need that his associates should know of them. It would be well if only a hundred were to be derived from the night's work, marred, as the robber intended to show it had been, by his late employer's recognition of his features. How even that hundred dollars had been acquired, it was also Harry's intention to explain in his own way—by the forging of an extraordinary story, tending to exhibit him as the most consummate of schemers.

By this and other indications, it will be perceived that Henry Benson was on the high road to excellence in his new profession.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GAMBLING BY TELEGRAPH.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.

The Cook gambling affair, previously noticed in the CLIPPER, has led to some important disclosures in the affairs of the fraternity. The *Cleveland Herald* says that—"Conlisk, one of the men concerned in 'fleecing' the paymaster, Cook, was a frequent visitor to this city, and occupied rooms in the third story of the Parsons block, on Superior street. He had contracted debts here, and yesterday an attachment was issued against the property in his rooms. Sheriff Lewis and Deputy Sheriff Whitney went to serve the attachment, and in the course of their researches made some rich discoveries. The rooms occupied by Conlisk on the third floor, consist of a sitting room, where gambling was done, and a bed room. The sitting room was furnished in the usual manner, and had a faro table near the windows, and a draw poker table in the centre of the room, with chairs placed to each. The walls and ceiling of the room are prepared with paper of a star pattern. Directly over these rooms are two small rooms also occupied by Conlisk, but not furnished. A portion of the flooring has been removed in the room immediately over the gambling room, and a small hole bored through the ceiling of the room below, above each of the tables. As the holes come directly through the centre of a star pattern in the paper, they are scarcely distinguishable from below. Each hole is so placed as to allow a person applying his eye to it, to look directly into the hand of the player seated in the chair below. An ingenious telegraphic signal machine was discovered communicating between those holes in the room above, and the chair of the gambler in the room below. A wire, having a handle near the hole, passed along between the flooring of the room above, and the ceiling of the room below, to the corner of the gambling room and bed room. It enters the bed room and passes down in the corner, being concealed by a strip of board nailed up and papered over. It then passes under the floor of the gambling room to the table, where a small piece of the flooring has been cut away close by the table leg, where the left foot of the gambler would be placed whilst playing. There it terminates in a spring and hammer, concealed by the carpet. The method of working this invention for robbing by machinery seems to have been as follows:—The victim to be operated upon finds two chairs drawn up to the table. In one of these the gambling thief seats himself at once, placing his foot over the telegraph hammer. The victim is obliged to take the other, which is placed in the proper position for playing. The gambler's accomplice in the room above, stretches himself upon a mattrass, with his eye at the peep hole, and one hand grasping the telegraph-hammer. The hole is so placed that he can look directly down into the hand of his victim. As soon as he sees the cards he telegraphs their description, according to an arranged code of signals, by pulling the handle, when the hammer strikes the desired number of raps on the sole of the gambler's boot, or slipper, the sound being muffled by the carpet. Of course, it is easy to see that the man who sits down to play with such a gambler is robbed as surely, completely, and systematically, as if he had been bound hand and foot, and delivered over to a highwayman: and of the two robbers, the highwayman would be the more decent man. These rooms have been occupied at various times by Conlisk, Major Barker, and other gamblers, residents and non-residents of this city. Some highly respectable citizens that we could name have visited those rooms, and have undoubtedly 'fought the tiger,' without a shadow of a chance against its teeth and claws. There are other rooms in the city used for gambling purposes, which are frequented by some of our best citizens, who would dread to see their names published, and whose names, if published, would startle and shock their friends and the public. Are there no 'telegraphs' in those rooms?"

JOHN JUBBER'S

COMICAL METHOD OF DOING GOOD.

Among the involuntary appearances at one of the police courts in Boston one morning last week, was an old bummer of a thief, oft-convicted and callous-conscienced, but who seems to have grown more and more stupid every year of his criminal career, though he thinks what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing. He was complained of under the name of John Jubber, for stealing a quantity of silver from the landlady of a boarding-house at the North End. The larceny was proved, and directly fixed on him. There seemed no chance for a defence, but Jubber had one which he supposed would have the effect of a bomb-shell thrown into the Court.

"Your Honor," said he, "you mistake my motives, entirely. The gentleman says I'm a old thief; I was a thief once, but now I'm reformed; I'm devoted now to aidin' my fellow cretures; I'm tryin' to see if I can't make up for the wickedness I was oncst guilty on. Now it came to my knowledge, through the means of a excellent servant which I won't go into details, that this worthy boardin' mistress had a large amount of silver ware—probably purchased by her late lamented husband when they was in better circumstances. There was about a hundred silver spoons. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'Jack, here's a opportunity for you tu du good; never mind what the world says, pitch in.' Now that air voice was the voice er conscience, a inward monitor, which I've got one as well as others er my fellow cretures. I then went tu work tu interpret the monition aright. Arter long and prayerful consideration, I came tu a conclusion. I see that it was almost time for the Assessor to come round. I knowed this woman was hard up, and it would come rough fur tu pay the enormous guvment tax on that air silver. So I made up my mind that I would avail myself er the knowledge I had acquired when I was an expert burglar, to go an' take that air silver out er the woman's house an' keep it till arter the 'Sessor had been round, an' then I would return it to her anonomously, sose not to be bored by her thanks, which, to truly generous people, like I, air very perplexin'."

"Oh, dear!" groaned the bereft landlady, here interrupting him, "if I could only git the silver back, I should be willin' this man should be let off, so far's I'm concerned."

Now, there is no doubt but, a moment before, Jubber would have been glad to have purchased his freedom at the price of the stolen silver; but he took courage from the woman's declaration, and, as the court said nothing, he evidently began to think his fabrication was passing current for truth; so he made a new and very bold stroke:—

"My dear madam, I regret to say it is unpossible for me to comply with your proposition. The fact is, while I was on my way home with that silver, after benevolently relieving you of it, there was a man about seven foot tall, he come up to me on the street, an' sez he to me, 'Damn you, take that!' and then he struck me over the head with a wallenger, an' pounded me till I didn't know nothin', an' I fell right down, and staid there senseless for hours, and when I came tew the silver was GONE! But I feel that I am respensible fur it, an' if I'm let off I shall make it my principal purpose in life to save money enough to replace them spoons, an' I shall du it just as soon as I ever git money enough."

The landlady, whose affections seemed to be concentrated on these same spoons urged His Honor in her simplicity to discharge the man, and give him a chance for the stolen property; but His Honor, with more experience in Criminal Courts, didn't see it, and John Jubber was sent to the House of Correction for six months, at the expiration of which sentence he will be examined on several more complaints. Poor Jubber!

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

In the northern part of this State (California) is a stream called Yuba River. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge: and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the "town" increased rapidly. About noon one cool day, a traveler and a sojourner in the land, passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam," replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yu-ba Dam!" said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!" yelled the irate Thompson, "I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?"

The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with the voice of an 80-pounder:

"Yu-ba-dam! Do you hear that?"

In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said: "I ask you, for the last time, what place is this?"

Putting his hands to his mouth, his opponent roared:

"Yu-ba-dam!"

The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down then the shirt; and then it was a dog fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically, that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize-fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally, they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

Having left the business portion of the town—that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept—he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, Sissy?" he asked.

The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door, she stopped—turned, and squealed—"Ob-bee-dam!"

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men but the very babes and sucklings swear at inoffensive travelers!"

A SPORTING JACKASS.

Now none of our readers need get riled at this title and think we are too personal, for although we have seen more than one biped to which it might apply, we refer this time to the real, genuine, and more fortunate animal, inasmuch as he is a four-legged critter. "Once upon a time," not long since, and a few days subsequently to the lawn meet at Hampton Court, Eng., the Herefordshire fox hounds threw off at St. Leonards, and after a capital run of from fourteen to twenty miles, the last three of which afford a splendid course in the field, killed their game in gallant style. But beyond the ordinary interest and excitement of the chase, the day's sport had something of a truly ludicrous character about it, arising out of the following circumstance:—Scarcely had Reynard been put afoot to the music of the hounds, than an exceedingly novel "sporting character" made his appearance in the no less distinguished guise than that of a donkey, belonging to Mr. Jones, of that place. This animal made his entree into the field with a sort of magical celerity, that the superstitious would have at once put up as Satanic, and possibly with some show of reason, for the devil seemed to have taken possession of Jack. Down he came, with his ears erect, tail extended, and in the height of assinine excitement, clearing hedges, ditches, or any other obstacle that came in his way, in a perfectly marvelous manner, or failing to clear anything, knocked it down with the power of a battering-ram. So unexpected and so droll a companion naturally excited the greatest merriment, and more than one gentleman endeavored to dissuade him from participating in the sport, but Jack became more resolute and would not be done. Bespattered with dirt, and in a soapy state of perspiration, he still persevered, keeping up with the hounds, and in many instances rendering good service to the juvenile sportsman by "showing him the way" over or through the hedge, as the case might be. Thus he continued crossing ditches, brooks, and fences, until the tally-ho! which preceded the death was given. In the gallop across the three-mile field, it may be said that Jack, in his exhausted state, had scarcely a fair chance with his equine friends, but a more game animal never cropped a thistle, and, singular to relate, his pluck was rewarded by a third place at the finish. As the song says, "His joys were in the chase," for as soon as Reynard was dispatched by the hounds, Jack stopped to see the wind up; and after blowing for a while, wheeled about with a sort of philosophic indifference as to what would follow, and after a fifteen mile burst, jogged home.

OLD ABE TAKES HIS TOD.

For occasional sallies of genuine original wit, give us a country grocery, winter evenings, and rainy days, and the bar-rooms of country hotels. As an instance, take the following, which occurred in a bar-room not long since. There was quite a collection, and our friend S., who is a democrat, and friend M., who is a republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a lull took place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—

"M., how many public men are there who are really temperance men?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied M.

"Well," said S., "I don't know of but one that I can speak positively of on our side, and that is General Cass."

"Well," said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln, on our side, certain."

"Guess not," said S., incredulously.

"Guess yes," replied M., warmly.

"But you don't pretend to say that President Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"Yes, I do," answered M., "and can maintain the statement."

"Well, now, I tell you that Abraham Lincoln is as fond of his tod as any man living," replied S., earnestly, "and I can prove it to you."

"Well, I tell you that he isn't," replied M., who began to get excited; "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country."

"I contend," replied S., with provoking coolness, "that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his tod that it is the last thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the first when he awakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded locofoco lie!" exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S.; "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"TODD, BY THUNDER!" exclaimed M., jumping more than a foot from the floor; "boys, let's adjourn to the other room."

SOMETHING ABOUT GAME BIRDS.—It has long been known that the people of "little Delaware" were called "Blue Hen's Chickens," but could not tell why. Rev. Dr. Combe, of Philadelphia, a native of Delaware, furnishes the explanation as follows: "In the olden time, there was in that State a breed of fighting cocks, noted for there pluck and endurance. They never knew when they were whipped, but would fight on as long as there was a feather left. The only account of the origin of this breed was that they originally sprang from a blue hen. In the revolutionary war, Delaware furnished a regiment of soldiers, which, in numerous marches and battles became distinguished for persistent bravery. On this account they came to be called the "Blue Hen's Chickens." The name thus becoming an honorable one was afterwards assumed by the people of the State.

ABOUT HALF RIGHT.—A sufferer while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed:—"Of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town such nights as this, and getting into bed for folks."

INNOCENT ROYALTY.—When the princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O! that is delightful!" cried little innocent royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—"A bets B that he actually rolls three balls in the last frame to get three hundred pins in ten frames with twelve balls. B bets he don't, but rolls them in the first frame. How is it, and where do those two extra balls belong?".....Three balls are actually rolled in both first and last frames, but "those two balls," we look upon it, are the common property of the whole "string," and do not belong to any particular "frame," as one borrows from the other all through, and any "frame" may render them unnecessary by failing to make a "strike." It is evident by this, then, that they are common property, as each frame is dependent on its predecessor or successor for its share of the perquisits or extra balls, and each frame can, by a failure to make a strike or spare, mullify the claim of the whole. Under these circumstances they can be nowhere located, and the bet is drawn.

G. H. T., Greenpoint.—"In raffling for poultry, A has two chances, and throws three fours each time: C has one chance, and ties A. In throwing off, C gets 14, and A ties him. B, an outsider, bets C that A's other three fours wins the poultry, without throwing any further. Please decide.".....A and C having tied in throwing off, A must throw off his second chance, and if he succeeds in scoring more than 14, he is entitled to the prize. If not, A and C again throw off on the last tie, and the one getting the most "takes the things."

S. E. S., Alexandria, Va.—"In playing a game of Seven Up, I had scored five points, and my adversary six. I led a small trump; he made his Jack on it, but I had the king and four spot, high and low. Now the question is, which wins the game.".....You win, the high and low being scored before Jack made in play. When the Jack is turned up, it is scored immediately, but not otherwise.

HUGH MCL., 4th N. J. V., Washington.—The boat race you probably refer to was not exactly a four mile race, but for the Championship of the Thames; the length of the course rowed we are not informed. In that match Chambers beat Harry Kelly from 150 to 200 yards; time of race, 25 min. 25 sec; date of rowing, Sept. 29, 1859.

W. B. H., Westfield, Conn.—1. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, will supply you with the cards—25 cents each. 2. The principal members of Buckley's Serenaders are George Swaine Buckley, Bishop Buckley, Fred. Buckley, Palmer, and Miss Julia Gould.

MAUNSELL.—"In playing draughts, if two men are *en prise*, or liable to be taken, can the party whose move it is, be compelled to take both, or may he take but one if he pleases?".....He can be compelled to take both.

YOUNG AMERICA, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers is in his thirty-seventh year, and Bob Brettle is in his twenty-ninth. 2. The New Bowery Theatre holds a larger audience than any of the others named by you.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Trenton, N. J.—The rule says that either way is correct, but that the point should be settled before commencing play. We hold that a dealer cannot go alone where a partner assists.

ON THE SQUARE, N. Y.—Yes, Bob Brettle did beat Jem Mace, on the banks of the Medway, England, September 21, 1858, in two rounds, occupying three minutes, for £100 a side. This decides the bet in favor of J.

S. B., Providence, R. I.—"In playing cribbage, B leads a tray, A a four, B a five, and takes a sequence of three. Now if A plays a deuce, does he, or does he not take a sequence of four?".....Yes, A is entitled to the sequence of four.

A. Z. S., Middlebury, Pa.—Anything calculated to divert your mind from the one subject will help you. Plenty of exercise both physical and mental, will assist you.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—In both instances, the shooter loses the bird, through his own carelessness. He should have seen that everything was correct before the string was pulled.

W. T., Stapleton, S. I.—Your lines are not good enough for publication; neither is the subject worth the trouble you seem to have bestowed upon it.

J. J. ROGERS, Philadelphia.—Your communication must have been intended for some other paper. We have no such correspondent.

P. P., Philadelphia.—1. The CLIPPER was set afloat in April, 1853, by its present editor and proprietor. 2. If we have any remaining, you can always have them.

NEW YORK.—1. Apply to Abner S. Brady at his gymnasium, No. 20 St. Mark's Place. 2. Yes; there is the American Bank Note Company, No. 70 Merchants' Exchange.

GREENWAY, Springfield, O.—1. Coburn was born in Ireland. 2. Morrissey and Hyer never fought a regularly pitched battle.

SARGEANT, Charlestown.—When a boy, he was connected with a circus company for a short time.

J. H., Taunton, Mass.—Will make inquiry, and inform you of the result in our next.

JUSTICE, Philadelphia.—A little more experience will give you a better idea of the business. Thank you.

READER.—Our summary of news will probably give you the information. We cannot locate them now.

J. R., Philadelphia.—We received your letter, but no programme. It may come along yet, however.

B. B. C., New York.—The regulation size of base balls for this year, 1863, will be the same as last year, 1862.

J. B. C., Poultney, Vt.—If he secures all the tricks on the lone hand, he is entitled to four points.

YOUS.—1. The card only counts one way, ace, deuce, etc. 2 We should think not.

A., Cooperstown.—Paul Morphy, the chess player, was in Paris at last accounts.

FRIEND, Cincinnati.—All right. We have received several similar documents.

T. H. H., Philadelphia.—We don't remember the person at all. See ring department.

CARLISLE.—We have already published it. It *is* good. Thank you.

G. L. C., Baltimore.—Dr. Hollick's address is 599 Broadway.

W., St. Louis.—John R. Scott died some years ago.

☞ Answers, to a number of correspondents are unavoidably deferred until next week.

IS "LITTLE MAC" POPULAR?—Yes, with the people and the soldiery, the envy of war-to-the-knife-stay-at-home-rangers and black-hearted politicians. When he passed through New Haven, Conn., on his way to Boston, he was greeted by the wounded veterans from the hospital and enthusiastic citizens who packed the depot to see and shake hands with the gallant General, the crowd even clambering upon the top of the car to grasp his hand; the time will come when he will receive his reward in the pages of history, and at the hands of his countrymen. Would that the administration could see the error of their ways and put "MCCLELLAN AT THE HEAD OF HIS MEN AGAIN!"

THE SOLDIERS ARE PAID!—That's a good thing, and many a family will be made glad by the little remittances they will receive from their husbands, brothers, or sons, who are enduring everything, and risking life itself for their country, in our mismanaged army. One word to the boys. Beware of those gamblers who follow closely after our bold soldier boys, seeking what they may devour in the way of Uncle Sam's greenbacks, and see to it that you don't try to find "the little joker," "tell which card it is," or to hold "a full," just once. Hold on to that which is good, even if it is the root of all evil.

CANINE INDIGNATION MEETING.—A painting, representing a meeting of dogs in reference to the tax on those animals, is shortly to be raffled in this city. It was painted by J. Lockhart Smith, the well-known animal painter, for a gentleman of St. Louis. A Newfoundlander is the presiding genius of the dogged assemblage, with a pointer and terrier, as vice officers. On the "floor of the house" are to be seen representations of pointers, terriers, etc., etc. The painting is said to be a splendid piece of work, both in design and coloring.

REBEL TEN PINS.—From a Richmond paper we learn that the rebel army at Fredericksburg still manage to get up some sport, notwithstanding the lack of proper materials. One of their favorite games is ten pins. They use the side-walks for alleys, bricks for pins, and twelve pounders for balls.

CASTILIANS.—The second annual ball of this organization will be given on the 13th inst., at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway. The officers of the Castilians, are John Matthews, President; D. Kerrigan, Vice; E. A. Stuart, Secretary; and Jacob Shipsey, Treasurer.

"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."—A new book, bearing this title, has just been issued by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of 18 Ann street. It is really a readable book, with a well-laid plot, and the interest is kept up throughout. Paper cover—50 cents.

COMING DOWN.—In New Orleans, the price of Anthracite coal has been *reduced* to fifteen dollars per ton.

CHARLES BAYLEY, Esq., a patron of the British turf, and contributor to *Bell's Life*, died Jan. 12, of consumption.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE COBURN AND McCOOLE MATCHED FOR $2000.

BIG EXCITEMENT.

Through the perseverance of a few leading lovers of sport, another Championship match has been arranged, a forfeit deposited, and everything put slip-shape except the place of fighting, which has to be agreed upon at the last deposit. On Monday, Joe Coburn and his backers, with Harry Hill to represent McCoole, called at our office, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock P. M., to agree upon the houses where the different deposits should be left, the match itself having been made in New Jersey. McCoole, it will be recollected, defeated Tom Jennings, on the 2d of May, 1861, in 27 rounds and 33 minutes. Coburn has appeared twice in the ring—with Ed Price and Harry Gribben. The following are the

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this second day of February, 1863, between —— McCoole and Joseph Coburn. The said McCoole agrees to fight the said Joseph Coburn, a fair stand up fight, according to the rules of the British P. B. A., by which the said Joseph Coburn and —— McCoole hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of One Thousand Dollars a side, and shall take place on the first Tuesday in May, the 5th of said month, 1863. In pursuance of the agreement, Twenty Dollars a side are now deposited in the hands of ——, who shall be stakeholder, who shall also be final stakeholder. The second deposit of two hundred and thirty dollars a side shall be made at Ed. Wilson's, Weehawken, on Sunday, the 15th day of March. The third deposit of one hundred dollars to be made at Robert Smith's, 25 West Houston street, on Monday, the 23d day of March. The fourth deposit of one hundred dollars to be made at Izzy Lazarus's 223 Center street, on Monday, the 30th day of March. The fifth deposit of one hundred dollars, to be made at Pete Gallagher's, St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, on Monday, the 6th day of April. The sixth deposit of one hundred dollars to be made at Tom McCoy's, the White House, Grand street, on Monday, the 13th day of April. The seventh deposit of one hundred dollars to be made at William Clarke's, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, on Monday, the 20th day of April. The final and last deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars to be made at Harry Hill's, No. 26 East Hounton street, on Monday, the 27th day of April, when the backers of the respective men will meet to agree on the place of fighting. All deposits shall be transmitted to the final stakeholder. The said deposits shall be made between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M. and 10 o'clock P. M., or such other hours as may be agreed upon, or the party failing shall forfeit the money deposited. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 12 o'clock M. and 2 o'clock P. M., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money That in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day, or the duty may be assigned to the stakeholder. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike, or by the winner, as may be agreed upon. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, till fairly won or lost by a fight.

In pursuance of the above agreement, we hereunto attach our names.

JOSEPH COBURN,
On the part of McCoole, HARRY HILL.

Witnesses, PETE GALLAGHER, ED. JAMES.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE BATTLE.

HEENAN AND THE UNKNOWN TO MEET AT LIVERPOOL.

We have received European advices up to Jan. 18, but very little mention is made of the forthcoming prize battle between Mace and an American Unknown; neither has it transpired who the latter is, or may be. Heenan, it is said, left London at brief notice, to meet the Unknown in Liverpool, but it is evident, as yet, that Madame Rumor is very busy with her whisperings, the most subdued of which are eagerly caught at by the sporting public, like a drowning man at a straw, and magnified into the appearance of fact, each one being *the* key that is to unlock the mystery which now envelopes the affair. Why, even here, it has been thought that Con Orem is the forthcoming Unknown, from the fact of his having lots of spons, and being here to get polished up in the boxing art. His weight and inches would seem sufficient to contradict such an opinion, however. Mere speculation is evidently of no account at this stage of the proceedings, and however wise one would like to appear to be, prudence suggests that we "cease our admiration for a while," and be content with the facts as they are developed from time to time. Here are the remarks of the foreign sporting papers to latest dates:—

"The match for the Championship continues to be of great interest among the *cognoscenti*, for, although great secrecy has hitherto been observed, a certain circumstance has given a hint as to "the great Unknown's" expected arrival in England. Mace called at our office yesterday, and informed us that on Thursday, Messrs. Howes & Cushing's circus was at Greenwich, where it was advertised that Heenan was to spar with Ryall, but the Benicia Boy was not present, although he had been seen in London in the afternoon. The fact of Heenan's absence caused inquiry to be made, which was met by the assertion that he had gone to Liverpool to meet "the Unknown" on his arrival at the birth place of boxing. We shall, however, be enabled to give full particulars of the affair in our next.—*Sporting Life, Jan.* 17.

THE BELT.—The day for the next deposit between Mace and the Unknown has not yet been fixed, but the excitement about the match seems to increase daily in all quarters. The rumors as to the genuine nature of the affair are as wide spread as ever, but we strongly advise our readers to attach no importance to them. As to the belt, we have great pleasure in stating that it has been delivered up to us by Tom King, in a perfect state of repair, and looking as good as new. For this Tom King is entitled to much credit, and deserves the thanks of all interested in the matter, as he has expended upwards of £7 out of his own pocket upon the embellishment of the trophy, and this, we may remark, was not before it was required, as it had never been set in order since it was given over to us by Tom Sayers. The belt will now remain in our hands until the result of the battle between Mace and the Unknown is ascertained. It has been agreed, however, that should either Mace or King wish to borrow it for the purpose of showing it at any benefit, he shall be allowed to do so on depositing its value with us, and a guarantee to return it directly after the benefit. It has been determined that it shall not be taken round the country by either man with a circus, or on a sparring tour, but shall simply be lent on the occasion of any important benefit. It must be distinctly recollected that the title of "Champion of England" is now in abeyance, and that the mere exhibition of the belt does not entitle either man to be styled champion. We make this remark because we have had numerous questions put to us on the subject, about which there seem to exist some very extraordinary opinions.—*Bell's Life, Jan.* 18.

There is absolutely nothing further of importance at this present hour of writing touching this great contest of the English prize. Conjecture still roams at large in airy space, and "mene, mene, tekel," as to the coming man remains yet as invisible as Macaulay's New Zealander on the ruins of Westminster Bridge. The public appetite for calculating the chances will apparently not be appeased until the next deposit, in the first week of Febuary. —*Ill. Sporting News, Jan.* 17.

WHO IS TO BE THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPION?—This is a question more easily asked than replied to, and at present, about as difficult a nut to crack as "Who's to be King of Greece?" The veteran's, Phelan, abdication, has set the younger knights of the cue hard at work to perfect themselves, and emulation runs high. Goldthwaite comes out with a challenge to play any man, bar Phelan, for from $500 to $1000. Kavanagh would take it up at once, we understand, were it not that he has business of a private nature that needs his present attention. Goldthwaite and Kavanagh played a game of 500 points on the 27th ult., at Geary's Saloon, in Courtland street, which the former made short work of, and ran out like a quarter horse before his opponent had scored more than 144, 356 short of game. Runs of 179 and 129 were scored by Goldthwaite, and he completed his 500 in ten innings. Big thing, indeed! If he can keep that gait up all the time, the back seats will soon be all occupied. Foley, where are you? Can't you do something for your country, and shake up the billiardites? Try it on. In the meantime, who is to be Billiard Champion of America, and afterwards Champion of the World, by beating Old Bill Yards himself—Roberts.

COCK-AND-BULL STORIES OF THE "RESPECTABLE" PRESS.—The reporters of the dailies will almost break their necks for items derogatory to sporting men. As an example we may state that they have given their quills and imagination full swing, as usual, in reporting a little scrape Joe Coburn got into with a young woman. The affair itself was of so trivial a nature, we shouldn't have mentioned it at all, but that there's been some little discussion about it. Mr. Coburn, on Saturday, called on the several "respectable" dailies, in company with the lady who *they* said "was lying at the point of death, from the effects of being struck a terrific blow with an 18 lb. dumb-bell!" and made them look rather sheepish, you can bet. First impressions are generally the heaviest, and hence, by those who suppose the press to be "immaculate," these concoctions of disordered brains are taken for gospel truths. It is pretty hard for us to buck against them all; but in defence of right we are "thar," no matter though millions be against us.

FAILED TO CONNECT.—The main that was to have taken ace in Detroit, Mich., on the evening of the 27th ult., between Detroit and Michigan City, failed to take place. The Detroit men were on hand with their birds, but the other boys, for some reason, failed "to come to time," and the consequence was, there was a good deal of disappointment, it being the second failure of the kind.

A COCK FIGHT NIPPED IN THE BUD.—At a cock fight in the vicinity of Chestnut and Eleventh streets, Philadelphia, recently, the sport was abruptly brought to a close by the police, very soon after it had commenced. Sam Rusk and John Dickson, the handlers, with some half dozen of the spectators, were "pinched" and "clapped in quod."

A CANINE CONTEST FOR $100 a side is to take place on February 28th, in Detroit, at catch weight, between A. P. Cicotte's dog Crib, and Ben Newson's dog Bowy.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. 36

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

SPARRING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY,
BETWEEN
JOE COBURN AND BILL CLARKE,
FOR $400.

The weather couldn't well have been worse than it was on Wednesday evening, the 28th ult., snow and sleet above, and mud and slush below. It was perfectly awful—just such a night when operatic flowers become blighted, and the otherwise generous public stay in-doors. Theatrical audiences and boxing patrons are a very different set of people. No matter how fearful the elements, if there was going to be a good thing in the sporting line, the boys manage to get there anyhow, whereas it takes a heap of attractions to draw together a paying house in a theatre on such inauspicious occasions. Knowing these things, we were not at all surprised at finding one of the most select and respectable companies ever present at an exhibition, as "met together with one accord" at Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway, to witness the exciting contest for scientific prestige between Joe Coburn and Bill Clarke.

LOCATION OF THE HALL.

Mozart Hall at one time was a noted resort for Wood-en men and political disruptionists. It has seen gay times, and had its walls ears and language, they could tales unfold that would freeze your very blood, and make each individual hair on your head stand out "seven ways for Sunday," as Shakespeare doesn't say.

In those days the hall was pretty well known; now it is not so. We are not aware that an exhibition was ever given here before, except by our champion, John C. Heenan, Sept. 29, 1858, when he and Aaron Jones sparred, while Professor Taylor acted as M. C. For future convenience, allow us to inform you that Mozart Hall is half a dozen houses before you come to the Winter Garden, pretty nearly opposite Bond street. A long passage has first to be tramped over, then take two turns to the right and one to the left, and you're "thar." You know the route now for Dan Kerrigan and Barney Aaron's joint benefit on Wednesday evening, the 4th of February, and there's no excuse for non-attendance.

DISTINGUISHED SPORTS PRESENT.

Nobody could be mistaken at the interest taken everywhere in this novel entertainment, and, just as we anticipated, the majority of the leading pugilists and Corinthian admirers of the science were on deck. Among others, we noticed the stately and soldier-like John Lawrence, of training fame; Tom O'Donnell, who made such a slashing fight with Joe Winrow (now in California), near Natchez, in 1845, looking as youthful and vigorous as most of the younger sports; Captain Michael Norton, U. S. A.; Tom Walsh, of the Walsh House, Mulberry street, with his long hair fixed behind his ears, and a planter's hat, for all the world like Frank Howe, of sewing machine notoriety, and mail carrier for part of the Union army; Tom McCoy—quiet, sedate, and contemplative—of the White House, Grand street; Pete Gallagher—quaint, queer, and querious—of ten-pin renown, and manager of the St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon; Dan Aldrich, with his extraordinary moustache; Bob Smith, once of the Art Union Music Hall, but now with Burlinson, in the "House of Commons," Houston street; Phil Hargrave, formerly of the "Gem," a capital fellow; Izzy Lazarus, "fair, fat, and fifty," and as frisky as a lambkin; Ed. Wilson, "all the way from Weehawken," full of fun as ever; Saxe, of Williamsburgh, a victim in the late illegal arrest, and a great philosopher withal; L. B. Donnelly, the droll Irish comedian of the New Bowery; the Alderman, who escaped from the rat pit all forlorn, and laughed at Old Jack with his crumplety horn; Kit Burns, the best-natured joker in the Fourth Ward; Flory Macarty, the American Spider, or Mandarin of Ching-Foo, better looking than ever from his late trip across the briny sea; Dan Kerrigan, Barney Aaron, Jack Bath, etc., etc. We also had "the honor" of the company of several of the Fourteenth Ward police in uniform. They probably thought it was to be a fist fight, and were ordered on special duty to prevent it. We don't find any fault with *them*, remember—it's the big bug (don't go to add another syllable here, Mr. Printer), airy, officious things in power—things who, vested with a little brief authority, take upon themselves, in their ignorance, to dictate to men a thousand times better informed, and whose character for honesty would make theirs appear mighty small by the comparison. These are the conceited tycoons we are down on.

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

About half-past eight the ubiquitous Bill Tovee was observed dodging in and out, here and there, all over the house, after something or somebody, and the boys, knowing his usual mission, supposed it was going to be a regular exhibition, and that he was "looking for a customer." This time, however, his occupation was somewhat disturbed. They had it arranged only to have three or four sparring matches previous to "the event of the evening." After considerable unsuccessful persuasion to induce somebody to have a go with the famous champion of Pike's Peak, Con Orem, Ould Jack Bath quietly hinted that "he warn't afeared on him," and the up-shot was, he had the first chance. After a brief introduction from Tovee, Mr. Orem bounded gracefully into the ring amid great cheering, in acknowledgment of which he made a very spicy little speech. He said he felt rather unwell, and the audience would have to excuse him for any shortcomings; but in a month or so he hoped to be able to illustrate the art in a manner that would never disgrace the romantic locality of Pike's Peak. He dilated upon our beautiful city, and the gentlemanly treatment he had received from everybody he had met. The ovation ended, after the customary shaking of hands, they prepared to inaugurate the entertainment.

1. CON. OREM AND JACK BATH.—It was generally understood that Australian Kelly intended sparring with Con., but for some reason or other, Jem. was *non est*. Con. had on his fighting rig and a fancy pair of slippers, while Bath wore his usual promenading costume, a pair of doeskin trousers and white undershirt. On getting the word, Con. stepped out with a cotillion motion that would have tickled the most fastidious dancing master. He came the "forward one" two or three times like a professor, and then went at Jack helter-skelter, somewhat wild, to be sure, but with unmistakable force, and rattled away like a second Flora Temple, with both hands; and when tired of pummelling, slung out his right leg, and tripped Ould Jack, to the great astonishment of those not used to such things. The second round was like unto it, ending in another trip. The third, Jack was "all alive O!" but in turning round he slipped on all fours, and the champion helped him along with a kick, amid great merriment. Jack jumped up to renew the round, and in another wheel "hit Con. a kick," when the audience again sent up a roar of laughter. On renewing the same, after mutual hitting, Con. threw Jack a burster on his shoulder, when some slight hissing took place. A spectator told Mr. Orem that was against the rules. He immediately went over to Jack and apologized, not knowing wrestling was tabooed. In the fourth round, after an even rally, they clinched and fell side by side, the Pike's Peak hero turning two back somersaults, to the great delight of the spectators. In the fifth it was give and take on both sides, with little advantage on either, only fully satisfying Jack's friends that all the steam wasn't out of him yet. This over, Mr. Orem made a polite salaam, as on entering, and the two retired, followed with an enthusiastic outburst of applause. While the set-to was going on, and afterwards, Joe Coburn handed Con.'s belt around for inspection; which pleased the audience "muchly." Mr. Orem has much to learn yet in the way of science, but is as strong as a bull. He intends getting Bill Clarke to "put him through," and as he strips remarkably big and is as active as a cat, we may expect great things of him in a month more.

2. BARNEY AARON AND ED. TUOHEY.—A royal good match, Barney's activity being the universal theme of commendation. Ed. did even better than we expected with such a "lightning calculator" as Barney is. There wasn't much stopping—it was all hitting, the blows sounding like the crack of a whip. Tuohey looked thinner than usual, although he informed us he never felt better. As he has replied to Jack Boyne's challenge, we anticipate some fun when the latter accepts. Aaron will doubtless spread himself much more at his benefit to-morrow night (Wednesday, Feb. 4) at the same place, Mozart Hall, when we shall watch him with great interest.

3. CHARLEY WALKER AND ABRAHAMS.—Both very fair and much the same as when they sparred at their joint benefit; Charley, if anything, showing a little too much anxiety. Considering he is much the smaller man, we should advise him to wait for chances instead of rushing so much. It shows his grit though. They fought with the same determination as they sparred, which is saying a great deal for novices. We believe Charley has retired from the P. R. Whether Abrahams intends to follow up the ring we are not informed.

4. BILLY DONNELLY AND MIKE DORSEY.—Better than good—first rate! People wouldn't believe that Michael could pick up the points so fast. Everybody knows what a skillful young boxer Donnelly is, but they could hardly expect Dorsey would show off to the advantage he did. There wasn't much difference between them. Donnelly's agility commanded the usual attention, although the good hitting and perseverance of Dorsey elicited great admiration. He and Billy are the best of friends, or they might make one of the prettiest fights out. After retiring, they were unanimously recalled, and Tovee announced the glad tidings that they would again spar together at Aaron and Kerrigan's joint benefit. That's good for Barney and Dan.

"THE EVENT OF THE EVENING."

At 20 minutes to 10, Joe Coburn and Bill Clarke entered the ring, accompanied by their respective seconds—Barney Aaron and Jack Bath for Coburn, and Kit Burns and Dan Kerrigan for Clarke. Buckets, sponges, and towels were also in requisition. The ceremony of selecting judges and a referee was then talked over, resulting, after considerable persuasion, in Capt. Michael Norton, U. S. A., standing judge and time keeper for Coburn; Tom O'Donnell, Esq., acting as judge for Clarke; Ed James officiating as referee. It was then explained that when a man got a hit, the round to be considered over, and to make certain when they did hit, each man's gloves were bedaubed all over with lamplack, and the men to be washed off after every round. Everything ready, at 10 minutes to 10, Captain Norton called out "Time!" the men and their seconds advanced, "hands across and down the middle," and then commenced

THE FIGHT.

Coburn looked in capital trim, and with his long reach and suppleness, may be said to have had many advantages; he wore a white undershirt and knee breeches. Clarke, who is better adapted for the position of Lord Mayor of London by his rotundity, both before and behind, had got himself reduced about 2½ lbs., although nobody would know it to look at him; he is much shorter than Coburn, both in height and reach, and a few years his senior; he sported a pink bodice and white breecks. They seemed to take the matter very good naturedly, every once in a while Clarke shaking his right hand at Coburn, threatening to blacken his eye for him, while Joe laughingly replied, "All right, Bill—come up here, once." Billy did come, but Joe's agility set him "backward too." They approached again and again, leading and stopping, advancing and retreating, and showing some of the finest points in the science ever exhibited in any country. Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes were not a comparison. At the end of three minutes, Joe, like the lightning's flash, left a black mark on Billy's dial and won first hit. Half minute time was kept after this and every round. In the second round, Clarke got in a hit—time, 3 min. Third, one a piece: in this bout, Joe's hits were so light, Billy didn't believe he got touched, and to see him pleading with the referee, with a great streak of lamp black on his nose, insisting he "couldn't see it" himself, while Joe and his seconds were laughing vehemently, made the scene very comical indeed. This round lasted one minute. Fourth, one for Coburn—1 min. Fifth, both appealed, but the decision was "no hit"—1 min. Sixth, one for Clarke—1 min. Seventh, another appeal, not allowed—3 min. Eighth, one apiece—½ min. Ninth, one for Joe—2½ min. Tenth, another for Joe—2 min. Eleventh, one for Clarke—1 min. Twelfth, one for Coburn—1 min. On coming up for the next round Bill looked so much like Bob Travers, that with all Kit Burns's rough scrubbing, the black wouldn't wash out of his whiskers, so Jack Bath proposed to chalk the gloves: the chaff and comical remarks, with the odd-looking physogs of the principals, were enough to sicken a fellow with laughter. Thirteenth, one for Clarke—1 min. Fourteenth, another for Bill—2 min. Fifteenth, still another—1 min. Sixteenth, one apiece—2 min. Seventeenth, one for Joe—2 min. Eighteenth, one apiece—1 min. Nineteenth, and last, one for Coburn—1 min. This gave 11 to Joe and 10 to Billy, just exactly at 20 minutes past ten, although there is no telling how it would have gone in one more round.

After it was over, Tovee "spoke a piece," and for the first that we remember, he "put his foot in it," for the principals and their friends didn't like the slur about the lamplack at all. For our part we should like to have just such another affair between the boxing representatives of every State in the Union. Annexed is a tabular statement:—

JOE COBURN.		BILL CLARKE.		
R'nds.	*Hits.*	*R'nds.*	*Hits.*	*Time.*
1....	1	1	0	3 *min.*
2....	0	2....	1	3 "
3....	1	3....	1	1 "
4....	1	4....	0	1 "
5....	0*	5....	0*	1 "
6....	0	6....	1	1 "
7....	0*	7....	0*	3 "
8....	1	8....	1	½ "
9....	1	9....	0	2½ "
10....	1	10....	0	2 "

JOE COBURN.		BILL CLARKE.		
R'nds.	*Hits.*	*R'nds.*	*Hits.*	*Time.*
11....	0	11....	1	1 *min.*
12....	1	12....	0	1 "
13....	0	13....	1	1 "
14....	0	14....	1	2 "
15....	0	15....	1	1 "
16....	1	16....	1	2 "
17....	1	17....	0	2 "
18....	1	18....	1	1 "
19....	1	19....	0	1 "
	—		—	—
Total..	11		10	30

* Hits claimed for both men, but not allowed. The referee decided these rounds as "nix," and ordered them to fight on.

DEAD!—Long Tom Jennings, who at one time was so desirous to fight John C. Heenan or Ed Price, was killed in the same battle as Con Quinn several months ago. So Dublin Mike told us last week. Tom fought another big-'un named McCoole, now matched with Joe Coburn. We believe Tom to have been the tool of others in the difficulty that occurred at the St. Charles, New Orleans, and therefore trust, for his sake, that feud has died with him. Death is the inevitable destiny of us all, and we would give all our earthly possessions to know that secret which poor Tom knows now. Peace to his manes!

HOPE IT'S NOT SO.—Rumor has it that Ed Price is becoming very much altered of late by the gay life so common at our National capital. For Ed's sake and that of his friends, we trust the rumor is without any foundation in fact.

BARNEY AARON AND DAN KERRIGAN'S BENEFIT TO-MORROW NIGHT.—On Wednesday, Feb. 4, these first class boxers have a joint complimentary together at Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway, and it bids fair to eclipse the great glove fight of last Wednesday in point of numbers. It is expected that Coburn and Clarke will exhibit their skill over again, and that the champion of Pike's Peak, Con Orem, will show also. Captain Harry Lazarus will be there, and *may* have a round or two with the champion. Owney Geoghegan, Ed Touhey, Johnny Moneghan, Jack Bath, Robertson, Billy Donnelly, Mike Dorsey, Dick Holywood, and many others will set-to. The wind-up between Dan Kerrigan and Barney Aaron. Admission, 50 cents.

WALKER AND ABRAHAMS' BENEFIT.—The long account of Coburn and Clark's match necessarily limits our space for other matters, and as a short notice is better than none at all, we put this on a record with the rest. Tuesday, Jan. 27th, was the day, and the Oriental Gymnasium, Bayard street, the exhibition room. Here's the boys names who knocked spots out of each other:—Tom Doran vs. Alf Walker, Young Kerrigan vs. Tom Doran, Tom O'Conner vs. Mike Dorsey, Dick Holywood vs. Grady, Cornell vs. Dublin Mike, Tommy Meakim vs. Fitz of Providence, Tom Doran vs. Mike Dorsey, and Walker and Abrahams for the wind-up. Dick Holywood, of the CLIPPER Shades, East Broadway, had the bar. Old Tovee, the M. C., says this gymnasium is the best place for exhibitions in New York, and could be so fixed as to hold 2000 people. Those interested will make a "mem." of it.

"HARRY CŒUR DE LION."—Capt. Harry Lazarus, late Sutler to the 38th N. Y. S. V., has returned to town on a visit to "the old (and young) folks at home." The Lion-hearted looks the very picture of health. He speaks very well of camp life, with all its hardships, and so long as the army was stationary, he made out first rate; but when they got on the move, things were not so good. Harry hasn't given his position up altogether, his friend, Captain Roberts, is still carrying on the business, but it is more than likely he will take a trip to California by the next steamer. A great deal depends on the news from there; if Johnny writes, and his match with Dailey has not been interrupted, then Harry will go sure. Go or stay, we wish him prosperity.

CHALLENGE TO ABRAHAMS.—Tommy Meakim hereby offers to fight Young Abrahams, at 130 lbs., for from $100 to $200 a side, or any other novice in the country on the same terms. Man and money ready at Jem Giddings', 280 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn.

YOUNG FRANKS INQUIRED AFTER.—A gentleman in Philadelphia is anxious to know the whereabouts of this boxer. He has a match for him in Pittsburgh, Pa. If Franks, or any of his friends, see this, just drop us a line.

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH AND RICHARD MORGAN'S MATCH.—THE MONEY ALL UP.—We have received an additional $50 a side from these men, making in all $200, which we believe to be the sum to be fought for—$100 a side. Both men are reported doing well. Morgan is training at Ashland under the careful mentorship of Andrew Gary, and Griffith is domiciled at the house of Dan Walker, John Leahy looking after his interests. The mill is fixed to come off on the 9th Feb., within ten or fifteen miles of St. Clair, Pennsylvania. A slashing fight is anticipated.

A RISING BOXER.—Dan Kerrigan's brother, whose name has often been mentioned in these columns, and who sparred at the late benefit in the Oriental Gymnasium, is the same little boy that made such a figure of Hill, the wrestler, some time ago at Hoym's Theatre. Any body trying to steal a march on the Kerrigans will have up-hill work of it. Bravo, little 'un!

ED. TUOHEY TO JACK BOYNE.—In answer to Jack Boyne's challenge in our last, Ed. Tuohey called on us to say that he'll take him at his word, and fight at 140 lbs., give or take two pounds, for from $100 to $200, in a week from the first deposit. As Jack has lots of spare time and has been training some months, Tuohey hopes he will toe the mark at once. A deposit from Boyne sent to our office will be immediately covered by Tuohey. That's fair enough to suit anybody.

ACQUITTED.—The young man arraigned for assaulting a policeman in Houston street on the 16th inst., and for which the extraordinary and unprecedented descent was made on Messrs. Clarke and Bath's saloons on the 17th, was brought up on the 29th at the Tombs and acquitted of the charge. Mr. C. Spencer was his counsel. There were two "flukes" in the indictment—one, the policeman couldn't swear to his name; the other, an error in the date of the commitment.

GONE TO HIS LAST HOME.—Charley Switz, the boxer, about whom so many rumors were rife as to his ability to contend with the Champion, Con Orem, was shot dead by a man named Harrison as far back as last June. It appears they had a quarrel, and Switz threatened to shoot Harrison "on sight," but the latter got the start and finished him. Harrison was acquitted.

JOHNNY ROCHE has retired from the proprietorship of the house in the Bowery, and wishes us to express his thanks to those who have patronized him during his stay there.

FOOT RACE IN BOSTON FOR $400.—The ten mile race between Jimmy Griffin and Patrick Coakley is to come off at the National Theatre, Boston, on Friday evening, Feb. 6, as we are informed by one of the peds. about to run. They are to run four hundred and ten times around the ring, and expect to do the distance within the hour. On the 7th, another Fireman's race will be run for a silver trumpet.

DEATH OF A JOCKEY.—William Cresswell, the light weight, died at his residence in Piccadilly on Jan. 18, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for James F. Wambold; Harry Lawrence, agent; O. H. Carter, late of Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels; Mr. Ignatius; Miss Mollie Williams, and Miss Florando Flory.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, February 2, 1863.

"Black yer boots? Shine 'em up?" A grand week has it been for the boot blacks, and yet it must not be supposed that those necessary little evils monopolised *all* the business. No, no; bad as the weather has been, muddy as the streets have been, the theatres and other houses of amusement have done much better than had been anticipated, and Uncle Sam's "latest publications," as one of our soldier correspondents calls "A. Lincoln's" greenback currency, have had a free circulation and ventilation, affording our worthy treasurers a fund of useful and cheap reading. And here let us remark, for the information of "generations yet to come," that gold went up to $1 60 on Saturday, January 31, and the tendency is still upward. Dollar jewelry stores ought to do a good trade now-a-days, for the genuine articles of ornament are 60 per cent. higher now than they were one year ago. Diamonds are worth nearly as much again as they sold for before the breaking out of the rebellion. Ball, Black & Co., the proprietors of the greatest jewelry establishment in the United States, cannot replace their stock without paying from 60 to 100 per cent. more than they paid one year ago. Gold is "worth its weight in gold" now-a-days, whether in coin or in manufactured trinkets. "Up she goes, and up she rises;" everything is up, up, up, except our amusements, and people spend their money at the theatres, at the minstrel and music halls, the menagerie, etc., because they get the full worth of the little slips with which the printing and publication house at Washington is flooding the country.

Wood is up, too. *We* mean Mrs. Wood. Her stock is in the ascendant, and at her benefit at Laura Keene's, on the 30th ult., there was an immense muster of her friends. She is not only the "Pet of the Petticoats," but the pet of the overcoats as well. Next week promises to be the most successful of Mrs. Wood's engagement. The burlesque of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks" is to be produced Feb. 9. It has been rejuvenated by Mr. Charles Walcot, Sr., one of the best burlesque actors in the country. Who does not remember his name in connection with all the burlesques of any merit that have ever been performed here? He it was who contributed so much to the great success achieved by John Brougham's "Pocahontas," given at Wallack's old theatre some years ago. Well, *the* Walcot will have a choice part in the "Fair One with the Golden Locks," and Mrs. Wood will find in him that able support which she has not yet had this season. Goshan, the giant, will also appear. For the present week, a series of favorite pieces will be given, in all of which Mrs. W. has already made her mark.

A series of brilliant houses greeted Miss Bateman during the week, at Niblo's, despite the unpropitious weather. Leah increases in favor, and we shall not be surprised if it runs throughout her engagement. It is a treat to see and hear that rising actress, Miss Bateman, in her new play of "Leah."

Miss Mary Provost is in town, having returned from the capital of the nation, where she performed a successful engagement, and added largely to her already numerous circle of admirers. Miss Provost has been arranging her business for the spring campaign, which she will commence in Philadelphia on the 11th of March. She is stopping at the Lafarge House.

"Napoleon's Theatre"—late minstrel hall, late Canterbury, late French Theatre, and so forth—has again collapsed. Napoleon's magic powers were not sufficient to give vitality to this ill-fated house, and after a brief existence as "Napoleon's Theatre," it went by the board, carrying all hands down with it. Who and what next?

Here's a problem. Take one from two and three remain. It can be done, as "you, or I, or anyone knows;" but what we want to get at is this: when G. L. Fox and J. W. Lingard had the New Bowery Theatre together, business for a time was not remunerative. When the former withdrew from the establishment, it was predicted that the new house would go down. Instead of this, however, the patronage has increased from that time, and better business was never done there than since the withdrawal of Mr. Fox. And, what is more remarkable, the new theatre is not only doing a fine business, but Mr. Fox is also doing exceedingly well at the old theatre, which he opened after the dissolution of partnership between himself and Mr. Lingard. On some occasions, as high as eight thousand persons have crowded into the two theatres. No one ever thought both houses would be supported, yet here we find them attracting large audiences. Increasing the number of our theatres, seems to increase the business. It's like crowding the dry goods stores all together—the more of them there are in a street, the more things they all sell, while an isolated shanty mourns its loneliness and losses.

Mr. Eddy had a splendid opening at the New Bowery on the 26th ult., and was well received in the character of Myles-na-Coppaleen, in the Colleen Bawn, which play has been placed on the stage in excellent style. It will be continued this week, and the Spirit Friend will also be given.

Mrs. James M. Nixon is in town, ready to negotiate with managers for herself, daughter, and menage horse. See advertisement in another column. This announcement may create wonder, surprise, and speculation as to the cause of the lady "going it alone."

Cubas was not so successful in Naramattah as in the French Spy, last week, at the Winter Garden, and after a few representations it was withdrawn, and the French Spy took its place.

It is true that the drama progresses. It is right that it should accomplish good. It is true that it *does* accomplish more good than we are aware of, and in a variety of ways. A case in point:—A few days ago we called in at the house of a friend, and there we found two of the little ones running over the ten commandments at a rapid rate, repeating them over and over again in a most astonishing manner. We asked the cause of this extraordinary zeal in the good cause, and were told that our little friends had been promised a visit to the theatre if they succeeded in learning the lessons set before them. When we took our leave, they had mastered the Commandments, and were pitching into the Creed.

The Traitor's Fate. Wood's Minstrels will tell you how traitors should be served; the punishment they advise is of the most terrible character; it is embodied in a ballad, and sung with touching effect by this band of black artists. For fun, see and hear the trio of comedians, Fox, Horn, and Seymour; and for sentiment, listen to the quartette connected with the company.

Seven feet! This is the altitude of a lady now stopping at the Worden House in this city. A woman seven feet in height, is as great a curiosity as a man of eight feet. She has not been on exhibition for some time past, but is now under engagement to go to California with Mr. Pridham.

"The Advocate's Last Cause" will be on trial before a New York audience for the first time this evening, at the Winter Garden, for the benefit of Miss Couldock. It is said to be one of Mr. Couldock's best pieces. This week closes the engagement of the Couldock and Cubas combination. Edwin Booth succeeds them, opening on the 9th.

There must have been five or six hundred dollars in the house on the 30th ult., on the occasion of Frank Brower's benefit at the New Bowery Theatre. Among other volunteers were Bryants' Minstrels.

"Them elephants" at the menagerie have earned their fodder during the past week, having given a number of performances each day. Their line of business is of an acrobatic and gymnastic character, and it is really a wonderful sight to witness them standing on their heads, with their hind feet up in the air. It is worthy of remark, too, how particular one animal is to get out of the way of the other, as one finishes and the other is about to begin an act.

J. B. Studley joins the company at the Old Bowery this evening.

The service of plate recently presented to G. C. Boniface is on exhibition at the store of Mr. Benedict, Bowery and Bayard street. Mr. Boniface has been on a visit to Boston since our last.

The forces at Bryants' have been augmented by the engagement of Dave Reed, the great "Sally Come Up" man. The Bryants bring out this week a burlesque on Colton and his laughing gas business.

Mr. and Miss Richings will shortly commence a series of performances at Niblo's, and produce "Satanella" as the opening piece.

Madame Methua Scheller (formerly Miss Scheller), who has been repeatedly and favorably mentioned in connection with the performances at the Stadt Theatre, is earnestly preparing for a *debut* on the English stage. Her *repertoire* will include comedies (with songs), dramas, and tragedies.

Buckley's Serenaders have left the city, closing at Stuyvesant Institute on the 31st ult. They start on a tour at once, and will perform in New Jersey the latter part of the week.

A French company is giving dramatic entertainments in Niblo's Saloon. It's worth while seeing them, even if you *don't* understand the lingo.

Manager Butler, at American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is one of the most go-ahead and reliable men in the business, and by his energy has kept his hall in constant operation, while other establishments were compelled to close soon after the legislature passed the law against the waiter-girl system. He gives novelty after novelty, engaging all good talent that offers. Last week he secured the services of Miss Kathleen O'Neil, Irish vocalist, who had just concluded an engagement at Washington; she commenced on the 29th ult. The principal performers now here are Tony Pastor, Charley White, J. Wambold, Fred. Shaw, Dan Shelby, Mons. La Thorne, T. G. Riggs, Paul Brillant, Misses Ashton, Donnevan, and a great ballet troupe. An evening of enjoyment can be had here for a trifling outlay.

Mr. E. Oaksmith and J. G. Methua have just finished a tragedy in five acts, entitled, "Narciss, or the Last Days of Pompadour," which, when performed in this city, will probably create a sensation.

In the hope that some professional gentleman would come along this way, and offer a farm, or house, or box of blacking for the best conundrum, we recently invented the following; but as no opportunity has offered to put it in competition for the aforesaid prizes, we lay it before our gentle readers, before it escapes our vivid recollection. It is this:—"Why is a heavy tragedian like Limburger cheese?" It is so long since we made this capital conundrum, that we have forgotten the answer, but hope that some of our readers may be able to solve it.

Thomas W. Sullivan, professor of music, died at his residence in this city, on the 29th ult., aged 37 years. He was a native of Limerick, Ireland.

"The Lost Arts" will form the subject of a lecture to be delivered this evening, Feb. 2d, at Cooper Institute, by Wendell Phillips. We presume the lecturer will direct himself mainly to the black arts.

Among the ladies present at the Fire Department Ball, on the 26th Jan., was the charming little actress, Miss Henriquez, of Wallack's Theatre. She attracted much notice, and many a sigh escaped from those who had not "the honor of her acquaintance." By-the-way, it is hinted that this lady is soon to be married—if the event has not already come to pass—to one of "our sett," a gentleman connected with one of the daily papers.

Another flash of opera will commence at the Academy this evening, Feb. 2d. We hope it may make a strike this time. Brignoli, the sickly tenor, is supposed to have "recovered from his recent indisposition."

With a population of over twenty-five thousand, the city of Dayton, Ohio, is without a permanent place of amusement. Here's cannibalism for you! No amusement for twenty-five thousand inhabitants! With a view to try the people of this god-forsaken city, Mr. H. A. Weaver opened Bechel's Hall on the 26th ult., with the following dramatic-company:—Mesdames G. W. Stoddart, M. W. Fisk, G. Burt; Messrs. G. W. Stoddart, C. M. Lewis, G. Burt, M. Wilson, and H. A. Weaver. Mr. and Mrs. Stoddart do the leading business. A correspondent wishes us to hint to Mrs. Burt to rehearse a little more.

A rich scene happened the other day at the Cooper Institute. You know Dr. Colton is giving his laughing-gas entertainments up there. Well, one of "our boys" popped in, "unbeknown" to the Professor, and imbibed of his gas, just the same as anybody else would. Some forty or fifty were present, curious to see what effect it would have on the "man of muscle." They hadn't to wait long, for before any of the audience could realize their situation, the boxer was sloshing around right and left, chasing this one up and down the room, and giving that one a cross buttock, upsetting chairs, and breaking things generally, until the hall was cleared of all but about eight, who, when he came to, were holding on to him like grim death. The first man our pugilistic friend upset was the Professor himself, which so disturbed his usual equanimity, that he shut down on the spectators, and turned off the metre for that night. The hero of this night's adventure was the eccentric Champion of Colorado, Con Orem. In the *melee* Con got hit with a chair; he still carries his right eye in mourning. When another such scene is coming off, may we all be there to see.

John F. Poole, the popular dramatist, is engaged on an adaptation of "East Lynne" for Miss Florence La Ford, of Cincinnati. From his long experience and success in that line, something brilliant may be expected. By-the-way, we see that Mr. Poole notifies the profession that his drama ("Blueskin, or Jack and his Pals,") is copy-righted. A card to that effect will be found in our advertising columns.

Miss Lucille Western gave a series of performances in Brooklyn last week, and a matinee at the Academy, in this city, on the 31st ult. We hear that she had a favorable reception at our New York house, and her rendition of the "Earl's Daughter" was much admired. Miss Western will succeed Mr. Edwin Booth at the Winter Garden, and commence an engagement there on the 23d of March. Her version of "East Lynne" will be presented, and those who have seen Miss Matilda Heron in the same part, will doubtless attend Miss Western's performances, and judge for themselves as to the merits of the ladies, and their respective versions of a beautiful play.

"How's your poor feet?" is a question that we may, with propriety, put to the gay lads and lassies that had the good fortune to participate in the grand Fancy Dress Ball, at Irving Hall, on the 29th ult., under the auspices of the old "John R. Scott Dramatic Society." Such a romping old time you never did see! Jehosaphat and Cubas, what an array of female beauty, and all costumed in fancy fixings, thingumbobs, and mysterious gimcracks. There was Miss Nellie Stanford, Amy Davenport, the Pell sisters, Mrs. F——d, Bella C——d, Kate B——m, and two lovely beauties from Delancy street, besides one hundred and one others of the soft sex persuasion, sedulously sauntering around the ball room, angling for partners. Among the gentlemen, there was jolly Dick Marshall, in civic dress, whose politeness is proverbial in the ball room among the ladies. Dick is a team on the floor. Mr. Fisher A. "Jarvis" was around with his pretty face, doing his handsomest, to render the guests as happy as himself, while Johnny McGovern assisted to the utmost of his ability in arranging the "setts." After intermission, the hall was besieged and taken by storm, the invaders being detachments from both Bowery theatres, commanded by Mr. C. K. Fox, and Messrs. Thompson and Ferdon as his subordinates. It was worth a "silver quarter" to be in that crowd—the ladies and the box-keeper at Irving Hall will swear to that. Joe Coburn was present and danced until morning, making a favorable impression on the ladies. Said a bewitching piece of moire antique to us: "Why, Mr. CLIPPER, I heard that prize-fighters were great, ugly beasts; but Mr. Coburn's appearance belies the assertion. My! don't he waltz splendid!" How's that, Joseph? Robertson's band furnished the "catgut." To the committee and floor managers our reporter feels grateful or many favors.

DRAMATIC.

The New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was opened, according to announcement, on Monday evening, Jan. 26th, but owing to the high price demanded for seats, through the operations of speculators, *the house was not full*, and this for the first night of a new establishment is something out of the usual order. We foresaw this, however, when speculators were allowed the privilge of buying up the choice seats, and selling them at exorbitant prices. Our correspondent, "YoungRapid," who has attended the performances, gives us the following report of the week's business. He says:—"The New Chestnut Street Theatre opened on the 26th, with Forrest as Virginius; and, much to the disappointment of the management and many others, the attendance was not large, the house by no means being crowded. In the parquet I noticed about 150 vacant seats, and a number in the dress circle. The upper tier (where the true supporters of the drama most do congregate) was crowded. The piece went off very well, and the several artistes were well received. Unfortunately for Mr. L. R. Shewell (an old Philadelphia favorite) he was nearly lost sight of from the fact of being cast in rather an inferior part. Mr. S. has heretofore appeared here as leading man, and to appear here now playing second fiddle to one who is far inferior to him as an artist, is not exactly the right thing. Mr. S. should insist upon having his own business given him; this much is due his old friends as well as himself. On the second night, 27th, Mr. Forrest repeated Virginius to an audience smaller in numbers than on the opening night, there being many unoccupied seats in the parquet and several in the dress circle. The upper tier, as before, was full. On Wednesday night, 28th, Mr. Hackett appeared, and the attendance was by no means flattering to any artist for the opening night of his engagement. The night was a very stormy one, which prevented many from attending. On Thursday night, 30th, Mr. Forrest repeated Virginius, and the house was the best of any during the week. Taken altogether, the patronage bestowed upon this new enterprise has certainly not been very flattering, and many of our citizens have already begun to number its days. But this is all prejudice. The cause of the house not being crowded on the opening night was owing to the high price demanded for the choice seats by Speculator Risley, which was $3 each. This kept a great many away. I understand that the Speculator did not realize as much as he expected, and that, smart as he pretends to be, he got bit for the second time by speculating in theatre seats. This operated greatly against a fuller attendance. What then could be the reason for the slim attendance of Tuesday night? Why, simply owing to a foolish report which has been freely circulated, that the building was unsafe. But I trust our citizens will pass this by as a 'weak invention of the enemy.' The upper part of the house has been as full as it can be, and no accident has occurred yet. At the close of the performance on the opening night, Mr. Wheatley, the manager, appeared before the curtain, and delivered the following address:—"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I appear before you this evening, to tender you my deep and heartfelt thanks for the prompt and generous alacrity with which you have shown a disposition to support me in my present undertaking. Believe me that these thanks are no mere verbal formula. They are the honest expressions of one, the better part of whose life has been passed among you, whose heart is knit as much by affection as by respect to that public for whom he has ever labored so zealously, and which has always so cordially acknowledged his toil. Let me frankly own that it is with a satisfied feeling of pride I return to Philadelphia, to assume the management of a house which will recall to the older supporters of theatrical amusements in this city, the palmy days of the old Chestnut Street Theatre, while to the younger lovers of them, it may repeat and more than realize the tales which they have been told of a flourishing theatre in the very centre of its life and activity. It will scarcely be necessary for me to allude to the architectural elegance and studious comfort in its internal arrangements of this beautiful little Temple of the Muses, reared by the public spirit and energy of Mr. Wm. Cochrane, and confided to my care. Its doors I have this evening opened to the friends and patrons of my earlier career, with a determination to secure a continuance of that support and liberality which they have formerly accorded me. Neither the desire to win, nor the ambition to merit it, shall be wanting upon my part. If 'Fortune does help the bold,' as the Roman proverb says, and the old English one, 'Resolution and success are cater cousins,' has any truth in it, then, indeed, do I feel certain that my honest ambition cannot and shall not be belied by my failure. Indeed, it would seem to me that the blind goddess of the wheel and the money bags was in one of her most loving moods, since she enables me to commence my season in conjunction with the most powerful attraction as an artist that could be offered me by America—nay, by the world. You are, of course, aware that I am now alluding to Mr. Edwin Forrest. Always a great Shakespearean actor, he is one of the few artists—I might with justice say the only one—who has grown greater as years have rolled on; greater by his conscientious and intellectual study, by his riper experience and more enlarged comprehension. Now, in the very zenith of his reputation, he assists me in the opening of this theatre, and I trust that I shall be able to place upon the stage the tragedies and plays in which he may appear, with a completeness and artistic finish which shall entitle me to your approbation. For let me assure you, my desire is not alone to win the golden spur of success, but honestly and emphatically to deserve it. Moreover, I am supported in this new commencement of my managerial career in Philadelphia by another great Shakespearean artist; as Mr. Forrest is pre-eminent in the grander and more tragic elements of the drama, so does Mr. Hackett wear the chaplet of the lighter genius of comedy. My labor shall be as truly exerted for him as for Mr. Forrest, in the earnest hope to insure the reputation of this building as one of the few theatres in the country as near perfection in its management as human labor and intelligence can make it. It is with the presentiment of success strongly within me, that I have dared to make you these promises. Let me trust that as I retire from your presence, you will give me your best wishes for my success in offering you a class of entertainments of the highest character—a class which shall neither be injurious to public taste nor to public morals, while it raises the public intelligence and promotes its artistic knowledge. Ladies and gentlemen, let me sincerely thank you for tendering me, in your applause, the gratifying assurance that you believe in my desire, while you possess a faith in my capability to do all that I have promised." A full description of the building has already appeared in the CLIPPER.

At the Arch, Philadelphia, Peter and Caroline Richings have kept the boards with the spectacle of the "Enchantress," which has been produced in a superior manner. The audiences throughout the week have been excellent. On Monday, Feb. 2d, will be produced the new spectacle drama of "Satanella; or, the Power of Love," with new scenery, costumes, and appointments.

One firm in Boston, it is stated, has sold over one thousand card photographs of Miss Kate Reignolds within three or four months past. It would pay Fredericks or Gurney to run on and secure some of the profit which this lovely artist's reflected popularity is making for the Boston photographers. In Boston, it is with Miss Reignolds as with her pictures—people don't criticise, they simply admire.

The opening of the New Chestnut has not interfered with the prospects of the Walnut, Philadelphia, where that favorite and townsman, Mr. J. B. Roberts, appeared during the week in some of his favorite characters. He opened in Belphegor the Mountebank, a character in which he is very good indeed, and one that he has made peculiarly his own, now that Mr. Dillon has left us. This piece had a run of three nights, and was very well received. For his benefit, on the 30th, he appeared as Richard, in which he has no living superior on the American stage. The house was full, notwithstanding the night was a stormy one. Mr. Sam. Hemple, who has long been connected with the Philadelphia stage—one who has lived and grown fat with the public—is at present engaged there as the first low comedian. Sam is very fat and very funny, and withal, an immense favorite with his audiences. This week, Mr. Dan Setchell commences a one week's engagement. This gentleman is a very good comedian, being of the Burton school. He appeared at the Walnut last season, and was heartily received. Senorita Cubas will doubtless be the next star at this house; the papers have not been signed yet, but Colonel T. Allston Brown is negotiating with the manageress for her appearance in the 'French Spy."

A man was fined five dollars and costs, last week, in Boston, for tearing down the posters of some of the theatres in that city. Served him right!

The German Opera Company have done an immense business during their stay at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on nearly every night of their appearance the house being filled. It is said that never since the Academy was opened, has any star or troupe had such a succession of large audiences. They remain there this week, being the fourth of their performances.

A challenge is said to have passed between Mr. Forrest and an editor of a Boston paper during Mr. Forrest's recent engagement in that city. It appears that the editor in question commented severely on the tragedian's "ungentlemanly conduct" in suppressing the usual theatrical advertisement in the paper referred to. The origin of the whole affair dates back as far as last winter, when an attack was made upon Mr. F. in the columns of the aforesaid paper. Mr. F. having no paper, the other party had the advantage of him; so during the late engagement, the advertising patronage of the concern was curtailed—Mr. F. refusing to help those who were abusing him without due cause. This brought out the newspaper man in another sharp article, and this last brought out a still sharper one from Mr. F. in the shape of a challenge. Mr. J. O. was the bearer of Mr. F's missive, which was declined by the newspaper man. No further consequences resulted, though the two parties met daily at the Tremont House, their common residence.

Theatricals in Pittsburgh have not been so prosperous for the last week or so, in consequence of stars failing to keep their engagements. "Now and Then," in a letter dated Jan. 28th, says—"Now, that John Owens is far away from our town, any number of regrets are heard about his disappointment, and numerous calculations are made about the big business the theatre would have done had he consented to appear and make a clean breast of his life, doings, and sayings in New Orleans.....Miss Fanny Brown, of your city, has also been playing a similar dodge. She received her passage money in New York from Manager Henderson about three weeks ago, and she was to commence here on the 19th inst. But instead of coming here, she chose to accept an engagement at the Winter Garden, and never said a word about it, until several days after the time. In answer to a telegram from here, Mr. Davenport answered that 'Fanny's mother was dead—particulars by mail.' Dolly has forgotten to give the particulars yet, but the facts have been made known through another. Fanny was well announced here, and 'big things' were expected of her six nights starring ere she would take the permanent position of chambermaid; but her disappointment following so quickly on the heels of Owens', made people begin to wonder whose fault it was; whether the management was not to blame, &c., and in this way the business was seriously injured. Miss Brown has a written engagement with Manager Henderson, or rather, so it is reported; and if he does not make her disgorge the advanced cash, and pay for the non-fulfillment of her contract, he will find few sympathizers should he meet with a second Fanny in his managerial experience.....Mr. Frank Chanfrau commenced an engagement at the theatre on Monday, Jan. 24th, but as it has been raining ever since, the houses have not been overflowing. He is well liked, however, and it is expected he will have a large run on his second week, should the weather only prove favorable.....Miss Kate Seldon, the pretty girl with the rich pa-pa, has come among us once more. On Monday night she played for the first time since her sojourn in the East, and met with a hearty reception. A number of young men were almost crazy to be introduced to the pretty Kate during her late short stay in our city, and now that it is known she is again at the theatre, the dress circle and orchestra seats will doubtless be secured by their former occupants, who will vie with each other in sporting good clothes and wasting perfumery on the desert air. Miss Seldon may never become the most celebrated actress in our country, but if her magnificent stage dresses are not spoken of in time to come, it will be rather remarkable.....Mrs. Myron, the popular leading lady at the theatre, had her first benefit on the 23d inst., when there was more money in the house than there has been on any stock benefit night for the past five years. This is certainly complimentary to the lady, but it is no more than she deserves. She is the most popular leading lady Pittsburgh has had since the Henderson reign, and it is consequently not to be wondered at that her friends should turn out in their strength at the mere announcement of her benefit.

After a traveling season of two years, principally in Upper Canada, J. C. Kelley has disbanded his dramatic troupe, and is now in Utica, N. Y. He will probably start again as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements, but whether as a traveling or local concern, is not yet determined.

It is said that of the many portraits of Kate Reignolds, a certain "speaking likeness" is soon expected, which will eclipse them all.

Annie Eberle had a disagreement with Manager Myers, of Providence, about acting Old Fadet, in "Fanchon," and quit.

Joseph Proctor's recent professional trip to Lynn, Mass., with Messrs. Pike & Sutton, was not as successful as might be wished. We hear it mentioned that George W. Pike has purchased an interest in a "patent churn," and intends to travel and solicit orders for the same.

Miss Lizzie Gale, at Medford, Mass., and Miss R. Adams, at Lowell, both "good (wo) men and true," are awaiting engagements.

Mrs. Emma Cushman, formerly leading woman with Kelley's dramatic troupe, has been sick in Canada—the disease, a boy, the very image of his father. She is out of an engagement now, and with two children to provide for, her case is not at all enviable. After her convalescence, she played chambermaids for Mr. J. C. Kelley's troupe, but with the breaking up of that company, her means of support ceased. The paternal author of the little one will please take notice.

Edward W. Beattie has been winning much praise at Providence, R. I. His Landry Barbeau, to Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon, is spoken of in excellent terms. We are glad to hear it, and also that "free, disenthralled, he stands a man once more."

Did you ever see a horse fly across the river? It isn't much to see, but a horse recently performed a feat in Baltimore which eclipses everything of that kind ever attempted. We have now before us a photograph of Bob Miles (Mr. R. E. J. Miles, but familiarly known as Bob) and his celebrated horse Minnehaha, as they appeared on the *roof* of the Baltimore Museum, Dec. 27, 1862, in presence of 10,000 spectators. As the feat was one of the most extraordinary ever accomplished by horse-flesh, it may be proper to give the facts of the ascent, showing the difficulties overcome by Minnehaha. In the first place, the Museum is from 75 to 80 feet high; there are twelve flights of stairs to ascend to reach the roof, making 144 steps, the last flight being at an angle of 45 degrees. This difficult ascent was made by the horse, and after reaching the top of the building, Miles on his high horse rode all around the edge of the roof, made it lie down, and perform many other similar feats. The photograph before us gives a view of the Museum, and various other buildings on either side of it. On the roof of the Museum, Minnehaha is seen, not far from the eaves, with Miles seated on the animal, and a group of gentlemen in the back ground. Miles is still performing at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, where he has been for several weeks.

At the Norfolk (Va.) Opera House, on Jan. 24, the beautiful drama of "Green Bushes" was performed, with H. W. Gossin as Connor O'Kennedy, and Miss Mary Mitchell as Miamni and Madame St. Aubert. In the company now at this house, in addition to those named, are Mrs. F. Williams, Mrs. Berrill, Misses Morgan and Secor; Messrs. J. D. Oakes, S. E. Browne, T. J. Herndon, J. A. Graves, Saville, Berkley and Smith. No manager is mentioned on the bills, nor is Glenn's name in the cast. Has the "Persecuted Dutchman" resigned?

"Nick of the Woods" was given at the Madison, Wis., theatre on the 23d Jan., for the benefit of Mr. R. S. Meldrum. Mr. M. played Nick, and Mr. J. Dillon took the part of Roaring Ralph Stackpole; Mrs. Welsh Edwards was the Telie Doe.

It was under consideration to visit Peoria, Ill., with the company now performing at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo.

Miss Kate Denin Ryan opens at the Baltimore Museum on the 2d of Feb., in "East Lynne."

Theatricals are not very prosperous in Central City. In Denver, however, the season is the best ever known. At the latter place "Our American Cousin" had been introduced to the public, and received with favor.

Yankee Robinson finished a week's business at the Academy, Providence, R. I., on the 31st Jan. This week he is in Worcester. He will probably play an engagement at the National, Cincinnati, commencing on the 16th of February.

W. W. Pratt, of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," has arrived home in Boston.

Mr. Corri, the acting manager of the St. Louis Theatre, had a benefit on 26th ult., and notwithstanding that it was very sloppy and disagreeable outside, the house was comfortably full. The performance went off to the evident delight of the audience. Madame Pozzoni was warmly applauded for the artistic manner in which she sang the different operatic gems. "Copernicus" says:—"Madame Pozzoni is an excellent artiste, possesses a pure and highly cultivated voice, but appears very seldom nowa-days. I have heard that Madame Pozzoni has been offered a splendid inducement to re-appear before the public. It is generally believed that she will accept. Miss Mary Shaw was also well received. M'lle Vallee (Mrs. De Bar) was loudly applauded in the 'French Spy.' Ben De Bar was also 'right side up' as Tony Bavard, in the 'French Spy.' The pieces presented were 'Jenny Lind,' 'The Maid of Munster,' 'French Spy,' and the musical piece of 'No, or the Glorious Minority.'.....To-night, 28th, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence commence an engagement. This will be their first appearance here in four years. The management promise to produce several novelties during Mr. and Mrs. F.'s engagement.

A dramatic and burlesque opera troupe was announced to open at Metropolitan Hall, Richmond, Va., on the 29th ult. White, Wells & Parrow are the lessees; Dr. Hennings, acting manager; and Carl Morton, stage manager. The company is termed "the star troupe of the world, selected from the South's own stars."

Mr. Jerry Johnson, treasurer of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, received in payment for a ticket on the evening of the 24th ult., an American silver dollar, bearing date 1795. The person who passed the coin remarked that he had kept it in his possession for upwards of twenty years, and finally concluded to part with it. Mr. Johnson was offered $25 in "green backs" for the coin: he refused the offer, demanding $40 for it. With such a valuable piece of silver in his possession, Mr. Johnson had better get his life insured. The brokers will not rest until they have secured the money. Look out, Jerry Johnson.

The spring season commences at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 2d of March, and Mr. Henderson, the manager, is now making his arrangements for the same. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of engaging, will please read the advertisement in another column.

Mr. Walter Keeble, who has been indisposed, made his reappearance at the Richmond (Va.) Varieties, Jan. 26th, in Pizarro. "Asmodeus" was the concluding piece.

At the Broad-street Theatre, Richmond, Va., of which Harry Macarthy is lessee; J. W. Hilliard, acting manager; Mr. H. Macarthy, "the Arkansas Comedian," and Miss Lottie Estelle, are the principal attractions. In the programme we find "The Bonnie Blue Flag," the "Stars and Bars," "Letter from Shiloh," "Scott's Ride to Richmond," etc.

The highest rent paid for a theatre by any manager, in proportion to the size of the city, is probably that paid by Mr. J. C. Myers, of the Academy, Providence, viz., fifty dollars per night.

Les Miserables, dramatized by Mr. Sam. Ryan, has been running all the week at the Baltimore Museum, of which establishment Mr. Ryan is the manager. The dramatist has succeeded in retaining in the play the most exciting and brilliant scenes and passages of the book. Mr. J. M. Ward took the character of Jean Valjean; Mr. Ryan that of Thenardeir; Miss Jennie Parker, Fantine; Cosette, aged 10, Miss Parker; aged 18, Miss Frank Monell; Eponine, Miss Mollie Williams. Mr. S. Ryan is not only the author of this dramatization, but also of Rose Elmer, Doom of Deville, Cabin and Parlor, and Our Own 69th, or Scenes on the Potomac.

The Irish drama of "Peep o' Day" was produced at Meader & Co.'s Theatre, Washington, on the 29th, Miss Alice Placide as Kathleen Kavanagh. This was the first representation of the great Irish drama in Washington. Miss Placide's benefit was up for the 30th. We believe Maggie Mitchell succeeds her.

G. H. Miles's play of "Afraja, the Sorcerer," was to be produced at the Metropolitan, San Francisco. It was written expressly for that theatre.

The old theatre at Hamilton, Canada West, has been refitted, and is well patronized by the Hamiltonians. The officers of the Rifle Brigade gave a performance on the 29th ult., to a bumper house. The pieces presented were "A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion," and the "Two Bonnycastles."

At Montreal, the officers have possession of Buckland's Theatre. The price of admission is $6 for the series of performances, so that every Tom, Dick, and Harry, can't get in. Nevertheless, they have had crowded houses.

At Quebec, the Military Dramatic Amateurs gave a performance in aid of the cotton operatives last week. For the bill "The Wreck Ashore," and a farce, "The Rifle and how to use it," were given.

A concert and amateur theatrical entertainment in aid of the Lancashire operatives was given at Mount Pleasant, some miles from Brantford, C. W., on Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 28th ult. The house was crowded.

Mr. Myers's dramatic company, from Providence, R. I., perform at the Worcester Theatre this week, Yankee Robinson being the star.

The charming Emily Thorne commences on the 9th, with Mr. Myers, at the Worcester, Mass., Theatre. He plays her one week in Worcester, then in Providence, Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven. Mr. Myers is a persevering manager, and is giving his patrons plenty of novelty this season. He will continue to play good stars at Providence whenever he can arrange with them. He does not intend to rent his Providence theatre, hereafter, to parties wishing only a few nights, but will arrange with them as other managers do.

A. M. Hernandez and his Ravel Troupe commence an engagement at the Academy, Providence, on the 4th inst.

Mrs. Cecile Rush opens at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 16th Feb., and during her engagement will produce a new domestic drama, entitled "Ida Lee." The readings and recitations Mrs. R. has been giving in Philadelphia have been very successful. The second was for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers. Mr. G. D. Chaplin, we learn, will accompany Mrs. R., and support her in the leading characters.

Miss Laura Keene "Stoops to Conquer," in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 7th, where she will receive the patronage of the lovers of "Nature and Art."

The New Orleans Varieties was doing a trifle better at last accounts, Jan. 24, but, we fear, was not making anything. Now that the minstrels have departed, the chances are in favor of the theatre. We learn, also, that there is a change for the better in the general business of the city, and every thing begins to wear a more cheerful aspect. Our correspondent says that the levee, at present, reminds him somewhat of old times, its entire length being thronged with vessels of all kinds. It looks like a forest of masts.

Laura Keene closed her performances at the Howard Athenæum on the 31st. The engagement seems to have been satisfactory to both manager and company, and we understand that Manager Marshall has made another engagement with Miss Keene for May next. J. C. Myers has leased his Providence Theatre to Miss Keene for $225 for two nights, Feb. 2d and 3d.

John Owens was to have followed Laura Keene at the Howard, Boston, but he will not appear there until the 9th inst. This week, Mrs. Augusta Page, who recently appeared in New York, is the attraction.

The Webb Sisters played an engagement at Havana a couple of weeks ago, at the Villanueva theatre, to good and very appreciative houses. Our correspondent "Robur," of Jan. 28, says:—They were tendered a complimentary benefit on the night of the 25th, when every box in the house was taken, and for years the house has not seen so large and discriminating an audience; they were received with every demonstration of satisfaction throughout the evening, and were called several times before the curtain, the stage being nearly covered with flowers, and unexpectedly, as it was unknown to them before, a purse containing three hundred dollars ($300) was thrown upon the stage, the same having been raised by subscription among the few Americans resident here, to which, however, our Cuban friends contributed liberally. Miss Emma acknowledged the same in a very pretty speech. One would scarcely think that a performance entirely in English would be a success here, but the songs and dances of Ada are so perfect in themselves, and the manner of both so sympathetic, that they have taken a deep hold upon the public. They are now playing an engagement at Matanzas, and from thence they go to Key West, Nassau and other English Islands. May success attend them.....Duprez & Green's minstrel troupe arrived here from New Orleans yesterday, and "on dit" they are to play an engagement at the Villanueva theatre; but it is doubtful if they are successful, as the public are anything but satisfied with the representatives of the "burnt cork" that have of late appeared before them. Will inform you in my next of anything of interest. [See Circus department.—ED. CLIPPER.]

At the date of our last advices from California, not a theatre in San Francisco was paying expenses—not a day passes without rain, and this has a dampening effect on amusement seekers. The pantomime at Maguire's had given place to opera again.

The Boston Museum Dramatic Fund Association held their annual meeting on the 31st ult., when the following officers were elected:—President, John Wilson, Jr.: Vice President, F. W. Mozart; Trustees, Moses Kimball, J. A. Johnson, F. W. Mozart, Geo. W. Blatchford, and Jos. Rametti; Rec. Sec'y, William Marden; Cor. Sec'y, W. H. Curtis; Treasurer, Geo. W. Blatchford; Medical Examiner, Dr. Winslow Lewis; Committee of Relief, Joseph Rametti, Susan Mason Remick, and W. H. Curtis. The association has lost two of its members by death, during the year, and the sick list has been quite large.

The death of Albert Maretzek is announced. It took place at Santiago-de-Cubas, recently. The disease was yellow fever. Albert was a brother of Max Maretzek, and was superintending an opera troupe when he was taken ill.

Matilda Heron will succeed J. Wilkes Booth at the Boston Museum, on or about the 23d, and during her engagement will produce her new drama of "East Lynne."

Miss Keene's combination will probably perform at the Academy, Brooklyn, next week, after finishing up at Providence, Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven.

Local papers from Victoria, V.T., report all kinds of theatricals played out in that quarter, and the season as an unprofitable one to managers and actors.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See pages 342 and 343.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four.....10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

HOW TO PLAY JUDGE.

A NEAT AND INSTRUCTIVE GAME FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The following is a very pretty amusement for children. It is a new game, founded on a tradition that once upon a time our ministers of justice received "bribes," and dealt out "justice" according to the amount of money they received. Some people are even so bold and reckless of their liberty as to declare, at this present date, that innocent men are arrested on a made-up charge, confined in the lock-up all night, intimidated by armed scoundrels in police livery, taken before the judge in the morning, who also intimidates them by his savage aspect and brutal remarks, and finally lets them off at five dollars a head. It is also mysteriously hinted that this "head money" is divided among the Judges and policemen; dark hints are thrown out, and strange words uttered that these Judges and these policemen have "stool pigeons" who keep "dance houses," and that these dance house folks put the police on the track of proprietors of public houses—legitimate places—to have them broken up, so that they, the dance house keepers, may get all the business; some men have been heard to say that these things are "put up jobs," that "black mail" is wanted, that the Judges are also in with "cracksmen," and "coniackers," but we do not understand the meaning of these strange words—they must be the relics of the dark ages. Men are indeed bold who speak of law and justice in such a connection. *Our* judges are above the suspicion, even, of taking anything so small as five dollars. There must be a mistake here; and how preposterous the idea that judges and captains of police, and armed scoundrels in police uniform are "in" together. One single argument is sufficient to crush this unholy suspicion:—what would five dollars be among such "cormorants," as these fault finders term our police and judiciary? Shame on those who even hint that *our* authorities are in with other swindlers. But to our new and interesting little amusement for boys and girls:—

"Get a boy to represent a judge, and let him be seated on a high bench at a table; behind him have a female figure with eyes bandaged to represent Justice, a pair of scales in her hand; on either side of the judge place a boy, the one on the right-hand side dressed in a scarlet robe, with a golden crown, and a heavy purse in his hand; the one on the left clothed very ill, with a dejected look, and his hair in great disorder; then have two other boys to representnt counsel, one of ferocious bearing, the other of meek disposition. A policeman brings in two prisoners, young ladies, who must be richly dressed and of very haughty bearing. The constable then tells the judge that they have taken some books from a shop without paying for them, and ordered some to be sent to a false address. Upon this the meek counsel gets up and demands that they shall be punished. He says that they are above want, as their dress betokens, and that punished they must be. When he sits down, the boy who stands on the right-hand of the judge, drops some gold into the scale which Justice holds, and then the fierce counsel, in a very saucy manner, says that they cannot help what they have done; they did not do it for the sake of the books, because they have plenty at home, but it was a mania,—they could not help it. The judge then tells them that the boy on his left will not be satisfied if he does not order them to be punished; but it is only make believe, because if they can get anybody to take them for a pleasant trip into the country, away from the disagreeable booksellers' shop, they may go. The boy on the right of the judge says, "I can do that!" and immediately gives. Justice his large purse; he then descends;—and walks arm-in-arm away with the two young ladies."

It is already becoming very popular. It can be varied according to circumstances.

BILLIARDS AT TROY, N. Y.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 24, a billiard match was played at Rouse's Hotel, West Troy, between Mr. A. Stoddard and Mr. S. Tinsler, both of West Troy. It was a carom game of one thousand points, for $20 a side. They commenced the game at 7½, and finished it at 12½ o'clock. There was some very fine playing in the game, and it was well contested. Tinsler led his opponent in the first 200 points, 70 or 80; but on the third string, Stoddard gained on him, and at the end of the 7th string was 75 points ahead. Tinsler, nothing daunted, however, made some very good runs, and gained very fast, but all to no purpose, for Stoddard finished his last string of the thousand, and won by 17 points. A large amount of money was bet on the game, both in Troy and West Troy. Another match between the same parties is on the tapis.

"THE PHŒNIX."—Johnny Healy, (alias Bob,) proprietor of the saloon at No. 79 Front street, Worcester, Mass., and teacher of gymnastics and the art of boxing, was on a visit to this city last week to see the sights.

FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

CAMP PITCHER, Va., Jan. 26th, 1863.

DEAR CLIPPER—The attachment of this portion of the Union forces to Camp Pitcher, seems as inveterate as that of old bummers to the bottle or—jug. Twice have we bid its enchanted precincts a solemn farewell—apprehending that for many of us it would prove the last Pitcher of our acquaintance—and twice have we returned to it, constrained to enjoy its allurements yet "a little while longer." It is to be hoped, too, that it will improve in flavor before long, a consummation for which Secretary Stanton or Secretary Chase—one or both of them, has been frequently implored—after a peculiar and emphatic fashion for which the army in Flanders was also famous. All we want to make Camp Pitcher hilarious before we quit it forever, is a visit from the paymaster with some of the issues of the printing office, which the latter gentleman has been turning the Treasury into. Or if it "suits his convenience," he may dispense with all formality, and send the "devil" himself around with a basket of "greenbacks." It will be all the same to us, only it will look sort of natural to the numerous typos handling "shooting sticks" out here to see U. S. M. once more. You see, friend Queen, we take it as pleasantly as possible of the administration, and if we had nobody but ourselves to think of, it wouldn't matter greatly if the almost seven months' arrearages now due, would be extended to our whole term.

TWO MONTHS AND A—BUT.

"Our whole term"—that puts me in mind of its brevity now—"only two months and a—but." "And a—but!" I have often conjectured what they meant by the "but"—"five months and a —but;" "four months and a—but;" "three months and a—but;" and now "two months and a—but." Of course you would say the balance of the current month, and I thought so, too, until I found it had another meaning; when I heard it on the battle field. There it meant "three months and home and happiness once more—BUT?"

"THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN GANG AFT AGLEE."

The great event with which the womb of time was yearning even when I last wrote, has occurred, as you are already advised; but (alack the day in which empiricism, quackery, obtained in our military affairs,) the result was an abortion. Of course, an humble individual, like myself, whose scope of intellect only compasses the manual of a musket, who has not even a tolerable conception of the sublimity of genius massed in the pretensions of a Second Lieutenancy, would cut a sorry figure criticising—prodding, as it were, with my bayonet—the august "strategy" of the "general in command." The *elevation* of the lowest grade of rank in this service is such that a private must needs be immensely "high" to approach it at all—a contingency fatal to me, for Monongahela rates at fabulous prices, and there is no lumber in the army of the Potomac to manufacture coffins, much less stilts to walk in such dignified company. But still there are facts visible and facts tangible to even the opaque faculties of a common soldier, and although he dare not question the *ass*-tute authorities who out-Napoleon Napoleon himself in their dreams in regard to the conduct of this war, *these* "facts," penetrating as January rains—tough and stubborn as January mud—cast a ridiculous reflection upon *those* fictions. I do not know who the brilliant author of an active winter campaign is, but I know who he is not. He is not a *soldier*, and there, friend CLIPPER, permit me to say, there is the rub—there is where Brother Jonathan will always find a sore place in retrospection. He has allowed the dictates of newspaper managers, of politicians, to sway his judgment; he has allowed the whole affair to become a vast pension system, by which a varied horde of public beggars are billeted upon the National Treasury, upon the industry of the unfortunate "Shillalion." If nobody else will out with it—out with the secret of the "demoralization of the troops," so much prated about—out with the secret of our ignominious failures, a nightmare pressing the heart out of our people—I will. And if "Spherical Case" should thus prove unpopular, a broadside or so of grape or canister, or a shell or two, may be in requisition.

THE HISTORY.

Enough—let us to history. The indications of a move, vividly distinct at my last date, had a finale a few hours later in a general order, and the whole of Hooker's Grand Division prepared to march. This general order was changed from day to day, postponing the movement, until 11 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, when the squalid winter arrangements of the troops were bade adieu, and the line formed preliminary to the "route." To inspire us, a printed order from General Burnside was read, avowing the intention of attacking the enemy, inasmuch as presumed he had been weakened, and "now," said our to be immortal general, "now is the auspicious moment, under Providence, to strike a death blow to this rebellion." The "Little Corporal" has the credit of the maxim, "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest artillery," and General Burnside is undeniably a "big gun" with—some people. But just in this instance the Power which was so complacently quoted, did not endorse, a delinquency which perhaps will cause some people to be highly displeased with "Providence." However that may be, Providence didn't seem to care, for, as

"The solemn host went trailing by,
The black mouthed gun and staggering train,"

the murky heaven lowered and the "impalpable air" gave tokens of gathering wrath. We moved to the right of Falmouth, and after a long and weary march by circuitous roads, at nightfall bivouacked in a desperately tangled wood, a short mile from the point at which we were to cross the Rappahannock. As the men pitched their little shelter tents and lit the few camp fires permitted them to boil their coffee, they caught up eagerly the reports from the front which were circulating, and which promised a sanguinary task for the morrow, for the enemy, as well informed of our movements as ourselves, were in force and entrenched on the opposite shore, and still were at work like beavers, with the spade—a Yankee trick which McClellan taught them nearer to Richmond than any of our "Ons" had ever brought us since. It was with the prospect of a frightful battle to occur in a few hours that our army quietly laid down to slumber that night—but He who is higher and better and wiser than any of our military chiefs, had ordered otherwise.

OTHER "STRATEGY."

And lo!—the magic of his strategy! Behold! at dawn, General Burnside's a *fixture*. The Army of the Potomac not frozen as might have been expected the day before, but still "stuck" immovably in its position—its "pontoon train" defying the exertions of panting mules and horses and whole brigades of men to bring it forward, scattered for miles along the thoroughfares and fields, its artillery, so well "established" in all immuring mud, that its own infantry could not "take it"—out thereof, and a fate terrible as that of a besieged city, reduction by famine, impending over all of us, for the same impediment which put an estoppel upon pontoons and artillery, quickly checked the slow paced movements of the commissary. And still it rained,—aye, amid the plashing and the thrashing, for drivers laid on with more than their accustomed barbarity, amid the promiscuous cursing and swearing in all tongues known in Christendom—still it rained—and as the oaths grew deeper, so did the mud. What will you call this remarkable affair—a miracle! In good truth—it seems so, and I confess that in this army, not much given to superstition, it is viewed as some such mystery. The singularity of a force like this being compelled for self-preservation to remake the roads by which it had marched only twenty-four hours previously—to corduroy its retreat from a spot deliberately selected and at a moment so "auspicious" without a single shot at the enemy, is too much for ordinary notice; it leaves an impression of superhuman agency in the business. And I hail it as a bright omen—for I have long ago surrendered all faith in the "settlement" of the ghastly trouble which afflicts us, by the means now in operation. Time was when the difficulty might have been solved and the country saved by good firm statesmanship, but the time is not now when we have that pilotage. We are at sea in unknown waters, and there appears no mariner capable of guiding the old ship back to a secure anchorage, and I am vastly pleased to recognize in the darkness at last, the unseen hand whose direction is observable in more than one juncture of the history of this continent.

In short, you may chronicle the fact that Providence has superseded General Burnside—perhaps He may have an eye upon the "chair of Washington," too, and thus let the people breathe once more freely and heartily—with confidence.

SPHERICAL CASE.

P. S.—"Think of the devil and he will appear," is an old proverb, but I can't say, as true as old, for I have had very tender reflections concerning him and have never seen him in *propria personæ* yet. This *apropos* of the subject of pay. Major Bannister, whom I would as soon see any time as the devil, is here, and we will get some of Uncle Sam's publications to-day.

LETTER FROM CHARLEY LYNCH.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, Church Lane, }
Whitechapel, London, Jan. 13, 1863. }

FRIEND QUEEN: I receive the CLIPPER regularly, and as many Americans come to my house expecting to get all the news, I can tell you it's a big lift to my business. Joe Rowe wrote to you that I had another "kid," as we call 'em in London, but the poor little girl died last week. My wife, too, is very ill indeed. So, you see, we all have our troubles, and when one comes there's pretty sure to be another right after it.

I wish Ned James could see me now. He'd find me quite different from when we met at Jem Ward's—I'm a landlord now, then I was only a tenant. I mustn't forget to tell you that Jem Ward has let his house in Whitechapel Road, and I believe Jack Hicks will be the worthy host. Jem has been anxious to sell his place some months—he never liked the locality much. Tell Ned that Miss Eleanor hopes to see him again some day—if not in London, in New York; she always had a great desire to visit America. Ned can tell whether she can play the piano or not if you'll only ask him once.

Kit Burns and Flory Macarty gave me a call when they were over here, but I hadn't started my place then. If they want "a b—y good glars o' hale," I'm the man can fix 'em when they come over again.

I have received a letter saying that Coburn is coming over here and is going to put up at my house. If he does, it will be a good thing for me.

If you should at any time wish to know of anything going on here, I will forward the news as quickly as possible. Give my respects to all the boys. I am your humble servant,

CHARLEY LYNCH.

DANCING THE POLKA.—Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says:—"He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. ELDER, Detroit.—Either you omitted to enclose Mr. Swan's solution, or it got lost before reaching our hands; would you be so kind as to duplicate? Our compliments to Mr. S. inviting him to contribute two or three of his problems to our column.

LOUIS GOLDSMID.—Thanks for that very pretty composition; we looked a few minutes, didn't see, resorted, &c. The idea is not altogether new, but its rendering is very elegant.

H. CHADWICK.—Sorry to hear you were so negligent.

"OCEOLA," Hamilton, C. W.—Your letter is very welcome, for be assured we are very glad to here from you. Remember us to friend Boultbee. The game shall have space in the CLIPPER, ere long.

GERMAN CHESS CONGRESS.—The German players have just celebrated their annual *fete* in honor of Caissa at Dusseldorf, with all the usual points of interest—grand, minor, and problem tourney, blindfold play and a banquet. The first prize was won by Herr Max Lange, the second by Otto Wulfing. In problems, the first prize was awarded to Herr Seeberger; the second to Herr Schultz. W. Paulsen, a brother of L. Paulsen, played ten games simultaneously, "blindfold," the feat exciting the greatest enthusiasm. So complete and satisfactory was the success of the gathering that it was resolved to make the Association permanent, that Dusseldorf be again the place of meeting, and that Max Lange edit an annual Bulletin in which shall appear, with a record of proceedings, the choicest of the games and problems.

HERR KLING'S CRITIQUES
ON THE WORLD'S CONGRESS PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"Bell' Alma." (4th, now 3d, Prize Sett.)

BY DR. ANTON NOVOTNY.

NUMBER 1.—A very pretty position, elegant as well as difficult, in proportion to the small number of moves.

No. 2.—The best problem in this series; the elegance of its construction deserves special mention, and the execution of the whole idea is the highest evidence of a master hand. The merit of this problem is manifested even in the key move; indeed, I am persuaded that few first-rate *connoisseurs* would, for a considerable time, hit upon the right mode of commencing the solution.

No. 3.—Like all the positions in this sett, this is extremely neat, and the termination especially interesting.

No. 4.—Very neat, but not equal to any of the preceding positions.

No. 5.—The master hand employed in this position, in making proper use of the minor pieces and their manœuvring, is apparent in all its variations. It is altogether a masterly composition, which I give him high praise for.

No. 6.—Of equal merit with No. 5. The fine conception of the key-move is really very ingenious. In this position the author has manifested the same high qualities in manœuvring the minor pieces as in some of his other productions.

"MY FAVORITES."
PRIZE SETT IN SUICIDES.

BY COUNT ARNOLD PONGRACZ.

In giving my opinion as to the merits of this sett of problems, I am bound to admit that it has never fallen to my lot to examine positions of higher merit. It would be needless for me to enter *en detail* into all the beauties, ingenuity, elegance, originality, imagination, and power of invention which the author has so pre-eminently and successfully brought to bear in every problem of this remarkable sett. I am sure that all those who may examine these positions will regard them with the same admiration as I have done. In this special branch of problems (suicides,) of which I am not a great admirer, I may say, in justice to the author, he stands unrivalled; in fact, the unanimous verdict of the committee in his favor is alone a testimony of the high value they attach to these compositions.

ENIGMA No. 366.

From "Der Schachkunstler."

BY A. LICHTENSTEIN.

at K B 7, Q Kt 7, K 8, Q B 6, K B 5, Q Kt 5 Q B 4, K Kt 5th.

at K R 2, Q R 7, K Kt 8, Q R 2, Q Kt 3, Q Kt 6, Q B 2, K 7th, and Black Pawns at K Kt 2, and K R 3d.

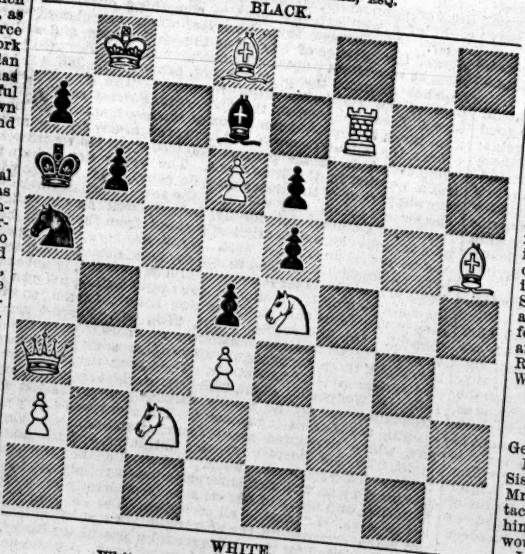
White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 366.

"CURRICULUM."

BY J. GRAHAM CAMPBELL, ESQ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 366.

A most excellently defended *partie*, our contributor P. Richardson contending against Jas. Thompson, Esq.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Thompson.	Defence, Richardson.	Attack, Thompson.	Defence, Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..K Kt to his 5	K Kt to B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..K Kt-K 4	K Kt-R 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..Q-her 2 (c)	P-K B 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	17..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-his 5 (*)
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	18..K R-K 2	P-K R 3
6..Castles	P-Q 3	19..K Kt-K 6	Q-K R 5 (d)
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..P-K R 3	Q-K Kt 6
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	21..R P × Kt	Kt-K R 5
9..P-Q 5 (a)	Q Kt-K 2	22. K Kt-B 4	Kt-B 6 +
10..P-K 5	Q Kt-Kt 3	23. K-his B sq	Kt × Q +
11..K P × P	B P × P	24..Q Kt × Q	Q × K Kt
12..K R-K sq +	K Kt-K 2 (b)	25..K R-K 7 (e)	Q × B P, mate.
13..Q B-Kt 2	Castles		

(a) If there be one *debut* with which the veteran is more conversant, or on which he prides himself more than another, it is the Attack in this same Evans Gambit. But, assuredly, this is not an advisable form of carrying it on; it frequently, as in the present game, cuts off the whole attacking power of the K B.

(b) The Kts of this Defence are manœuvred with the skill and forecast of a master.

(c) The art of the man! Mr. T. will be organizing attacks, even if he dies for it; and woe to the luckless wight who gets his Q and B's bearing upon the castled K, without some *very* present and potent counter resource.

(*) Admirably and forcefully retorted.

(d) Mr. T. must have played in ignorance or recklessness of the force of this, the winning *coup*. After this, every blow has the executive power of a trip-hammer.

(e) Might have prolonged his agony a little—but *cui bono?*

Herr Loewenthal gives his Q R to Mr. W. G. Ward.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Loewenthal.	Ward.	Loewenthal.	Ward.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q Kt to Q 5	Castles
2..P-K B 4	P-Q 4	12..Q B × P	K B-Q 3
3..K P × P	K P × P	13..Q B × B	Q R × B (g)
4..K Kt-B 3	Q × Q 2d P	14..K R-K 8 +	Q R-Q sq
5..P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 5	15..B-K Kt 4 +	K-Kt sq
6..K B-K 2	Q B × Kt	16..Kt-Q Kt 4	Q-her Kt 4
7..K B × B	Q-R 4 +	17..Kt × Kt +	Kt P × Kt
8..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..K R × B +	K-Q Kt 2
8..Castles	Q-R 3 (f)	19..K B-B 8 +	K-Q Kt 3
10..K R-K sq +	K B-K 2	20..Q-K B 3, and wins.	

(f) Up to this point the game was well opened by the Defence; the last move, however, was weak, as it allowed his antagonist to commence an attack, and thereby give more freedom to his pieces.

(g) Taking Bishop with Pawn would have been preferable.—LOEWENTHAL.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Thanks for recent favors. Will attend to F. E. D. soon.

B., Philadelphia.—Are we to understand that you have made the bet with Express, or that you propose to do so?

G. D., Sheldrake, N. Y.—The S. D. P. we cannot find. We have sent you by mail, a copy of Anderson's Treatise. Mr. Spayth, (supposed to be good authority,) says there are not over six errors to be found in it. If he is correct, it is the best book yet published on the science. We do not agree with him, however.

J. W. SHERMAN, Farmersville, N. Y.—24 to 20 is not compulsory; 19 to 15 and White will win. Mr. Drysdale did challenge Mr. Spayth to play for the Championship and $20 a side, and deposited $10 to bind the match, but Mr. Spayth never came to time.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, January 22, 1863.

ED. CLIP.—*Sir:* In the following position the method of winning with the black pieces is so obscure, that I have been induced, out of curiosity, to venture ten dollars with Express on the position (supposed to be good authority,) says there are not over six errors to be found in it. If he is correct, it is the best book yet published on the science. We do not agree with him, however.

White men on 10, 15, 19, 31; King on 11.
Black men on 1, 3, 12, 17; King on 2.
White to move.

B.

GAME No. 43—Vol. X.

Communicated by "Express."

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15..20 to 27	32 to 23
2..15 22	25 18	16..10 15	16 11
3..12 16	29 25	17.. 9 13	17 14
4..10 14	18(a) 15	18.. 3 7	11 8
5..16 20	24 19	19.. 4 11	12 8
6.. 7 10	19 16	20.. 1 6	2 9
7..10 19	16 12	21.. 7 10	22 7
8.. 6 10	23 16	22.. 5 14	7 2
9.. 2 7	25 22	23..11 16	2 6
10.. 8 11	28 24	24..15 18	6 9
11..11 15	21 17	25..18 27	9 13
12..14 21	30 25	26..16 20	31 24
13..21 30	22 17	27..20 27	8 4
14..30 23	27 2	Drawn.	

(a) A move not laid down by any author or compiler.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 43—Vol. X.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..28 to 24	11 to 4	4..14 to 21	5 to 9
2..24 19	23 16	5. 21 17	9 13
3..20 11	13 17	6..17 14, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 107th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..24 19	15 24
2..30 25	21 30
3..32 28, and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

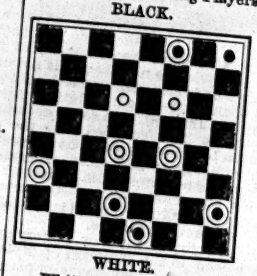
Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
6..10 15	21 17
7.. 8 12	

POSITION No. 44—Vol. X. THE 108th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dedicated to Young Players.

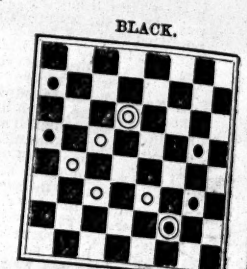
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

THOMAS KILNER,

Familiarly known as "Old Tom Kilner," was born in Lancashire, Eng. in 1777, and enjoyed a good reputation in the provincial circuits. Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1815, at the Park Theatre, New York. In the summer of 1821 he became joint lessee with Finn, of the Federal-street Theatre, Boston, and on the 28th of September, of the same year, he made his appearance as Sir Anthony Absolute, his wife appearing as Lucy. He became at once popular with the Bostonians, in old men's parts, and was an excellent actor. In 1824 he was acting and stage manager at the Chatham Theatre, New York. His Sir Anthony, Polonius, Squire Hawthorn, Captain Copp, etc., etc., are often spoken of by the veteran lovers of the drama, as perfect in their way. He was of the Dowton school of actors, rich and racy in humor, and excellent in whatever he undertook. Retired from the stage in 1831, and removed to his farm near Wilmington, Dearborn Co., Ind., where he died, January 2, 1862.

W. F. JOHNSON

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 24, 1839, as Geo. Heartall, in "The Soldier's Daughter."

Died at Milwaukee, Wis., July 18, 1839, at the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, at which place he had been but a few days. Mr. Johnson had for some years past been subject to annual attacks of severe inflammatory rheumatism, which would carry him to the very verge of the valley of death, and from which he would recover only to suffer pains still more excruciating.

In the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York theatrical circles, he stood at the head of his profession, and never failed to be received with those manifestations which indicate the favoritism of an actor. Later in life he travelled in the South, and appeared in New Orleans, which place he visited several times, and always with flattering success. His *forte* was the crusty old men of the English comedy. In such parts as Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, &c., he was very fine, and in the old farces he had few superiors.

In the early portion of his career, he thought life was a comedy, and played his part to perfection; but for the last three years, he dedicated it to tragedy, and finally finished the last act.

WILLIAM OCTAVIUS JOHNSON,

Born in Boston, Mass., in 1819, made his first appearance on the stage, when quite young, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as Le Sieur Armand, in "The Idiot Witness," for the benefit of Chas. E. Muzzy. He was for many years attached to the Tremont and National Theatres, but only appeared occasionally. His health becoming impaired, he retired to the State of Connecticut to recuperate, but died in Jewell City, Ct., July 20, 1858.

MRS. LA FOLLE,

Formerly Mrs. Placide, maiden-name, Pownall. She was the daughter of Mrs. Pownall, formerly Mrs. Wrighton, formerly a leading actress of Drury-lane Theatre, London.

Mrs. La Folle was an excellent actress. She had a queenly presence, a mild and beautiful expression of countenance, a fluted voice, both in speaking and singing, and yet she did not always meet with that encouragement which she was entitled to.

Her last appearance on the stage was as the Queen, in "Hamlet," January 10, 1823.

Throughout the tragedy she complained of illness, and had to withdraw from the theatre.

Died at her residence in Sansom street, Philadelphia, January 26, 1823.

So natural were her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so exceedingly affecting and pathetic her voice, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicated by words.

SAMUEL LAKE,

Born in London, Eng., September, 1849, made his first appearance on the stage, as a dancer, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the opera of "The Rose of the Alhambra."

Made his *debut* on the American stage, in May, 1850, as a pantomimist, at the National Theatre, Boston, as Harlequin, in "Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer."

In New York, he made his *debut* at the Chatham Theatre. On the 10th of June, 1850, he first appeared in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, as Harlequin, in the pantomime of "Romance and Burlesque." During the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which he played a principal part, he received a fall, and it brought on paralysis. Died at the Massachusetts General Hospital (where he had been for some time,) Boston, Mass., on the 28th of July, 1859.

He died in poverty, leaving a wife, well known as Miss Agnes Raymond, with two children.

His last appearance was at the Museum, Boston.

As a pantomimic actor, he had few equals.

His remains were interred in the ground of the Boston Museum Dramatic Fund Association.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

OUR FIRST MEAL—AN OLD LADY ON HER BEAM-ENDS—"TURNING IN"—MY COMPANIONS—A HIT AT ONE OF 'EM, "ALL THE WAY FROM MANCHESTER',—CALL TO BREAKFAST—BEDLAM LET LOOSE—LAUGHABLE INCIDENT—A LITTLE MORALITY TALK—LEGS AND THINGS.

"Such a rushing down stairs and a jostling of each other, such a rushing down stairs you never did see," as we scrambled pell-mell after our first meal on board the Big Ship. It was a rich sight, and Frank Bellew or Brother Banks could have made one of the funniest sketches imaginable out of it. Here, it didn't make a particle of difference what part of the ship a person belonged to, for wherever there was food, there congregated ye hungry voyageurs. They didn't set a table, either: it was "catch as catch can," as the "wrastlers" say. Oh, but you ought to have been there, Captain. The rush for supper at old "Witzs's" wasn't a circumstance to it. Old and young, rich and poor, maiden and matron, all forgot their peculiarities in their anxiety to seek what they might devour. In my indecent haste to satisfy a depraved appetite, I upset a poor old lady down half a dozen steps, and forgot to pick her up for fear of getting a column or two of abuse from her vigorous tongue. Of all things in this world I fear most, is to get jawing with the petticoats; there's no reason in it, for they'll talk a man deaf and dumb in fifteen minutes. Now, girls, it's no use of denying the fact: every time I've been in an argument with a female, she's "bested me," as the gay buffers say, "like a thousand of brick." Don't I know? That's why I darsen't face the old lady after our mishap. "Eat to-day and jaw to-morrow," was my motto; otherwise I shouldn't have got the small pittance I did—a cracker and a piece of cheese. "After finishing my evening repast," to quote from the voluble Mr. Sam Sharpley, I skedaddled on deck and puffed away three or four cheroots until it was time to turn in to roost. I felt pretty well used up, so climbing into the bunk, it didn't take over three minutes to disrobe, "wrap myself up in the"—blanket, and drop into the arms of Mrs. Murphy, or Morpheus, I believe is the correct term, although one's about as bad as the other. In less than ten minutes I slept, "perchance to dream."

Seven hours are supposed to elapse. In the morning I awoke—not to find myself famous, but among three other old roosters, whom I will shortly introduce to the reader. In our caravan were six berths and four tenants. The cabin was no great shakes for size or freshness. It was about the best sleeping room connected with the second cabin, though, for it had a port-hole, and that's a great point to be considered on a steamer. Of course we didn't escape the noise of the machinery. If you've ever been in John Williams's press-room when all the double cylinders were at work, you can get an idea of what a devil of a racket there was. Just imagine about a dozen CLIPPER presses at work, and half a dozen castle gates opening and shutting with their grating hinges, making music all the while like an old donkey's "he-haw," and you can form a slight idea of the lullaby we were rocked to sleep by. Reader, this is no fiction.

Don't you know how natural it is to commence gabbing when a fellow wakes up in a strange room with strange bed-fellows? Certainly you do. Here's where our first acquaintance may be said to have commenced. The first sign of animal life I noticed, was an old gentleman named Maughm (who'd believe that spelt Maffam, or rather was pronounced Maffam?) relieving himself of his night-cap and adjusting his wig—he had no wool on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to grow, and therefore sported somebody else's hair—perhaps a woman's for all you or I know. This Mr. Maughm spoke first, and among other matters said he was on a visit to America "all the way from Manchester." He was a pretty old cock, not unlike Mr. George Holland (all but the wig) and at different parts of his life had been a play-actor, the same as George is now. Mr. Maughm had the "rocks"—he was traveling for pleasure—had a ticket to go and come, and like a sensible fellow, only carried a small box containing a few changes of linen. To be sure, he had the customary blue gingham umbrella. In Manchester everybody carries an umbrella from necessity. I never heard of such a place for rain—there's hardly anything else all the year round. People outside of Manchester call it the "watering pot" of England. If you don't believe it, ask Old Brooks, of the Star—he knows. Therefore Mr. Maughm had a perfect right to his blue gingham, the same as the New Yorkers have when the Quakers are in town. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind he got out our different objects in crossing the Atlantic. The other two were Captain Fred. Hinckley, of Boston, and Mr. Connolly, an elderly gentleman bound for Canada.

While engaging us in conversation, the shrewd "actor-man" from Manchester got up and went through his ablutions. Then Hinckley followed suit, afterwards Connolly, and lastly your Cabin Boy. When you are aware that we only had one wash-bowl and a couple of towels, you will not be surprised at my telling you, that ever afterwards we had to lie in bed and take turns at washing, giving the last person a pretty rough chance. It was some time after eight before we all got through with our toilets, and the old bell was going like a woman's tongue, calling us to breakfast.

When I ventured out, although the bell had hardly finished ringing, nearly everything had disappeared from the breakfast table, and everybody was "asking for more." In fact, there was quite an uproar, knocking of tables, rattling of crockery, and cries in every direction for the waiter. We were quite willing to put up with a little inconvenience at first, but as the first-cabin aristocracy had *their* every want attended to, and were gorging themselves to repletion, our side got their dander up, and wanted to know what the matter was. "Steward!" bellowed the masculines, in tones resembling distant thunder; "Steward!" shrieked the feminines in their peculiar contralto. It hadn't the least effect, for "steward" was tending to the "big bugs;" until *they* were all served, we stood no chance at all. Various were the suggestions as to our best course of action—some wanting to bring Captain Paton down "body and bones," others going in for a descent on the first cabin and squatting down alongside those fragile and delicate members of society. This could have been done easy enough, for there was but a door between us, which made matters more aggravating still. Through the windows of this door we could see them demolishing their "regulars," with a waiter to every half dozen or so, seeing to their every want. I can tell you I felt pretty ugly just about that time. While we were discussing the best way to get over it, the scene became changed to one of merriment by the capsizing of a big can of coffee, and the rolling head over heels down stairs of the waiter. What was to have been for our breakfast, served to rinse down the stairs; they needed washing bad enough, but we had more right to the "corfee," I guess. This little incident made us forget for the time our sufferings, and before we got the "sulks" again, a pretty fair breakfast lay before us.

It don't take long to find out a person's peculiarities on board ship. You may be a perfect angel on shore, for all I know, but get snubbed two or three times by a stranger, and see how quick the "old devil" will stick out. Certainly, when a lady's in the case, it makes some difference, yet even then, if the agony is piled on too thick, a "damn" will escape once in a while. If a man thinks "damn" he might as well say "damn," and relieve his conscience. It does some people a power of good to get the nasty words out of their mouths, just the same as a blue pill and black draught cleanses out one's "diabolical diaphragm." Not a very elegant comparison, I admit—still, there's no getting over nature. As I've been taught, "to the pure all things are pure," and allow me to add, "*Honi soi qui mal y pense*," as old King Charles said when he picked up a lady's garter in a ball-room. Now there are some men who can see nothing to admire in statuary—the Greek Slave, for example; or look at an actress in male attire—Annie Lonsdale for instance; without conjuring up a lot of immoral thoughts. I wouldn't give the filings of a brass pin for such a man's opinion on any beautiful painting or work of art. Without being squeamish or effeminate myself, I can look at a prize-fight one day and see much to admire, unless the principals go to murdering each other as in the Lilly and McCoy fight, and the next day be completely carried away by the music of an oratorio, or the rendering of the "Gloria in excelsis" at a Roman Cathedral. At the same time, I think just as much of a well-formed "understanding" as anybody.

As I have somewhat run off the track in thus soliloquizing, the introduction of the characters at breakfast, and how we spent the first Sunday on board ship, will have to lie over for another letter.

LIFE IN RICHMOND.

THE CARNIVAL OF GAMBLERS AND PROSTITUTES.

The rebel capital appears to be the paradise of gamblers and their associates at the present time. The *Enquirer* says:—"The gamblers in Richmond are multiplied as the lice of Egypt. There is not a handsome front on Maine street behind which this vermin does not swarm. Nearly every third doorway in the most frequented part of this thoroughfare, displays the gilt numbers and painted glass which garnish the fashionable gates of hell. At the hotels, in the street, everywhere in Richmond, may be seen the sinister-eyed gambler, glistening in fine clothes and waiting like a purring cat for his prey. Every other vice in the city is put under tribute to him. He keeps around him a crowd of obsequious villains, who are the jackals for the lion, and maintains a parasitical host of prostitutes who are pampered by his drunken and lustful munificence. Indeed, the prostitutes of the city are said to have generally taken up their abode in the upper stories of the gambling houses, where they find a convenient sanctuary from the Mayor's police. In the lower rooms of this sanctuary of vice are to be found representatives from all the vicious and depraved classes. One may see here the thief and garrotter disguised in fine clothes: the seedy and bloated vagabond from Washington in a cheap paradise of free liquor; and the bogus military man of Richmond, whose title is but a recognition that has been given him in a brothel. Mixed with this crowd are victims of various distinctions. It is not many months ago since a virtuous deacon was captured in a gambling saloon of this city, and on the same occasion, it is said, that a Cabinet minister, who was in one of these inner chambers reserved for distinguished guests and sacred to the mysteries of 'blue checks,' effected his escape by jumping from a window. We are informed that there are not less than forty well known gambling establishments in this city. The expense of maintaining these establishments is enormous."

THE DRAMA IN YE OLDEN TIME.

THE STAGE CONDEMNED DURING THE REVOLUTION.

PROGRESS OF THEATRICALS.

A NEW THEATRE IN CONNECTICUT IN 1779.

The following interesting reminiscences of the drama are taken from a paper published in Connecticut during the revolutionary struggle. What changes since then! "In the days of '76, my boys," the stage and the country were alike in their infancy. Many years have elapsed, and we are going through another revolutionary struggle; now the stage is prosperous, the drama flourishes, but the country, alas! is undergoing the most trying ordeal to which it has ever been subjected. Here are the reminiscences alluded to:—

MESSRS. PRINTERS—By inserting the following in your next paper, you will oblige one of your constant readers. A. B.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 30, 1778.

Last evening, a number of persons in this town presented a very short dialogue, with a short farce, to a very large number of spectators, who paid the very reasonable price of *one dollar* each for their seats. Considering the serious state of our public affairs, the absolute necessity of industry and frugality among all ranks of people, and more especially among the common tradesmen, mechanicks, &c., who almost invariably have the vanity of aping their superiors in almost every fashionable extravagance, I conceive an entertainment of this kind very improper, both on account of the expense, and the time taken up in preparation for attendance at the exhibition. And as the Honorable Continental Congress have strongly enjoined on all good people of the United States to abstain from all expensive diversions, such as theatrical entertainments, gaming, etc., I believe no good Whig, who duly considers the respect due to that venerable body (were there no other objection), can approve of this transaction. I am far from supposing the persons connected had any criminal design! but believe they engaged without deliberating on the consequences that naturally attend a performance of this kind at the present day; but if the sentiments here held forth are just, I presume they will be kindly received, and anything of this sort not attempted hereafter.

OPENING OF A NEW THEATRE.

From the Connecticut *Courant*, Aug. 10, 1795.

"The new theatre in this city (Hartford, Conn.) was opened on Monday evening last, with a celebrated comedy, entitled the "Dramatist," preceded by a handsome and pertinent address, by Mr. Hodgkinson. From the specimen that has been given of the abilities of the performers, and the assurance of the managers that they will so conduct the theatre that it may be justly styled a school of morality, it is presumed that it will be a great source of instruction and amusemedt to those who visit it; and we will hazard the assertion, notwithstanding the prejudices that some have entertained against it, that as an amusement, it is the most innocent, and as a source of instruction, it is the most amusing of any that we have ever yet experienced. While the theatre is well conducted, on chaste principles, when vice is drawn in colors that will disgust, and virtue painted with all its alluring charms, it is hoped it will meet the approbation and encouragement of the citizens, and of the neighboring towns.

PROLOGUE ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW THEATRE IN HARTFORD, WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. HODGKINSON.

Here, while fair peace spreads her protecting wing,
Science and Art secure from danger spring,
Guarded by Freedom, strengthened by the laws,
Their progress must command the world's applause;
While through all Europe horrid discord reigns,
And the destructive sword crimsons o'er her plains;
O! be it ours to shelter the oppress,
Here let them find peace, liberty, and rest;
Upheld by WASHINGTON, at whose dread name
Proud Anarchy* retires with fear and shame.
Among the liberal acts behold the stage
Rise, though opposed by stern fanatics' rage!
Prejudice shrinks, and as the cloud gives way,
Reason and candor brighten up the day;
No immorality now stains our page,
No vile obscenity—in this blest age,
Where mild RELIGION takes her heavenly reign,
The STAGE the purest precepts must maintain:
If from this rule it swerved at any time,
It was the people's, not the stage's crime;
Let them spurn aught that's out of virtue's rule,
The stage will ever be a virtuous school;
And though 'mong players some there may be found
Whose conduct is not altogether sound,
The stage is not alone in this to blame,
Every profession will have still the same;
A virtuous sentiment from vice may come!
The libertine may praise a happy home:
Your remedy is good with such a teacher—
Imbibe the precept, but condemn the preacher.

*The Western Insurrection.

COCKING.

CANADA VERSUS AMERICA.

CHALLENGE FROM THE CANADIANS TO FIGHT A MAIN.

INTERNATIONAL CHICKEN DISPUTE.

We have had international contests in the fistic arena, in the field of Chess, on the water, the turf, etc., etc., and why not an international chicken dispute? We have some splendid birds hereaway, and a number of first class mains between city and city have already been fought, but now Canada enters the lists, and challenges America to fight a main. Who will answer the bold defi of our neighbors over the border? Here is the challenge:—

CHALLENGE.

I will fight any party in America a main of cocks for the sum of $250 each side, and $20 each fight, to show 21 cocks each, and fight all in the intermediate weights of 4 lbs up to 6 lbs; the fight to be fought with spurs not longer than two inches and a half in length, any shape, with round points; to take place either in London or Woodstock, Canada West. If it takes place in London, fifty dollars will be paid to the opponent for expenses. Any parties accepting the above must give six weeks' notice; $100 put up as forfeit at the time of drawing articles; $100 put up twenty days after, and the balance on the day of battle. Parties answering the above will address their letters to Daniel Sterling, Secretary of the London Chanticleer Club. Toronto or Detroit preferred. Hoping to hear something from the cockneys, I remain DANIEL STERLING.

London City, C. W., Jan. 26, 1863.

CHALLENGE FROM CLEVELAND.

Canada is not to have all the fighting business. Cleveland boasts of having some gay and festive chanticleers, and thus challenges to match them:—

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 28, 1863.

FRANK QUEEN—Please insert this challenge, and oblige James Brown, 44 Pittsburgh street. I will fight a main, showing 11 cocks, the lightest, 4 lb. 8 oz., and heaviest, 5 lb. 14 oz., for $100, to fight here, I allowing $20 for expenses.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE "NOTORIOUS" DEERFOOT.—In another part of this issue will be found an account of a one hour's race between the American Indian, and the British Champion, for £100, which the former won easily by sixteen yards, having run *eleven miles five hundred and forty yards* in the specified time. In the *Sporting Life's* report we find the epithet "notorious" applied to the Indian, and "renowned" to Mills, besides considerable special pleading in the latter's favor. Isn't this a little partial? Deerfoot is dubbed notorious because of his connection with the late "put up jobs" in pedestrianism, but we look upon him as far less guilty than the managers of these jobs; nay, all but innocent, for it is most likely that he left these shores under a specific engagement, to do the bidding of an unscrupulous master, to break which, would play the mischief with his exchequer. Winning or losing does not cause a great fluctuation in his receipts, it is likely, so that it is hardly fair that the opprobrium should fall on him for another's frauds. "Give the devil his due," anyway.

NOT SATISFIED.—In almost every English sporting paper that comes to hand, we find the following quotation;—"Not being satisfied with my late defeat," etc. We should like to "clap our optics" just once on the man, particularly sporting man, that can conveniently say he is satisfied at defeat. A very large leathern medal would be at his service.

A MATCH AT BILLIARDS between Messrs. Hughes and Mulberry for the former's benefit, 1000 points up, was played in London, Eng., on the 8th ult. Hughes won by 140 points, having made one run of 130.

A BILLIARD HANDICAP, which has been in progress at Cambridge, Eng., for some time, was concluded on the 13th ult., in favor of a Mr. Cole.

SET-TO WITH A BEAR.—A set-to with a bear occurred at Monticello, in this State, on the 20th ult., by one John Quinn, aided by two dogs. John, in company with John Price, was going to his work in the woods, when two small dogs belonging to them found the bear near the road which they were on, and barked furiously. They went to the place where the dogs were, and when they saw the beast, having nothing but axes with them, they agreed that Price should go home and get his gun, while Quinn remained to watch the bear. The bear (a large one, weighing about 300 lbs.,) was at the entrance of its hole or lair, in which it had four cubs, and which it guarded with great ferocity against the approaches of the dogs. While Price was away, the curs "skirmished" with the monster, and one of them approaching too closely, was caught by bruin, and would have been instantly killed, if the other dog had not "pitched in," and Quinn had not assailed the bear with his axe, striking it so as to wound but not disable it. The beast then turned upon Quinn, when the man, dogs, and bear, had a lively time. Quinn inadvertently exposed his rear, and the huge animal made a grab for him, and carried away a portion of his coat-tail! One of the dogs at once executed a skilful flank movement, thereby saving Quinn from being crushed by the teeth and paws of the beast, as the latter found it convenient to "right about," and face the dog. Quinn then managed to give the bear a heavy blow on the head with his axe, which ended the fight. The bear then some how got into its hole, and Quinn got away. When Price returned with the gun, they fired two charges into the beast, and then hauled it from the hole, and got out the cubs. Quinn is a small man—five feet one inch in height, and weighs about 125 lbs. This adventure shows that he is as full of "grit" as a game cock,

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN DEFEATS THE BRITISH CHAMPION

IN A ONE HOUR'S RACE.

DEERFOOT RUNS ELEVEN MILES 540 YARDS IN AN HOUR.

Some 3,000 persons assembled at the Hackney Wick Race Grounds, on Monday, Jan. 12, to witness the one hour's race for $100, between Teddy Mills and Deerfoot. The races these same men have been engaged in together, are so recent, that to notice them would be a mere waste of space, and the late doings in a certain police-court need not be alluded to here, unless as a proof that the men "ran on their merits" on Monday! The scene around the house, at the railway station, and the different approaches to the ground, was of the description usual on such occasions. The race was set for three o'clock, and at about a quarter past, Deerfoot entered the course, attended by his backer, G. Martin, J. White, of Gateshead, and J. Miles, the champion walker. He had a rug wrapped around him, and commenced taking a stroll round the ground, but ere he had completed the circuit of the course, a loud cheer announced the entrance into the ground of the Six Miles Champion. He was, as usual, waited on by Sam Barker, assisted by the once-celebrated Jem Pudney, and "Old Bill" as regulator. The race being one of an hour, it was arranged that the competitors should start from the usual winning post, and continue on until the expiration of the allotted time, which was to be announced, as well as the start, by report of pistol. All these matters being adjusted, and the referee, Mr. H. Holt, at his post, the competitors came to the mark. Betting on the event was anything but brisk, odds on Mills being asked for, but not obtainable; then offers to back the Indian at evens soon rose to 2 to 1 on him, and very few takers even at that price, as the public soon became aware that Teddy was not up to his A 1 form, by the silence of those who, when he is well, never leave off putting their "pieces" on him. On disrobing, Deerfoot appeared in a costume similar to that in which he ran his last race with Mills; Teddy, as also on that occasion, stripping to the buff. And now their appearance was eagerly scanned. Deerfoot looked as he always does, that stalwart, muscular "athlete," able to bear any amount of fatigue, and with a look of quiet confidence on his countenance; while Teddy, on the other hand, looked pale, flabby, and much too heavy in the "victualling department," having, from his easy defeat of Deerfoot in the six miles race, evidently held him very cheap. His appearance was a very great disappointment to the partisans of Mills, who had, bar an accident, booked the race as a certainty. Exactly at half-past three o'clock, the pistol was fired, when the Indian dashed away with the lead, showing the way by a couple of yards, Teddy running in his track, both looking serious. This order of running was maintained amidst the deepest silence, lap after lap, until rising the hill in the sixth, when Mills went up to his opponent, who at once made a dash, resumed his former position, and finished the first mile, three yards ahead, in 4 min. 49 sec. Thus they went on, round succeeding round, each dashing over the heavy ground as though his life depended on the result; Mills now falling in the rear some eight or ten yards, and anon closing up the gap, and doing a lap at his opponent's quarters, the pace all the while being as though they had started for a six miles race only. In going up the hill in the twenty-sixth lap, Deerfoot made a rush, and soon placed sixteen or eighteen yards between them, and his friends thought it "all over;" but, coming down the Pagoda hill in the twenty-seventh, Mills stretched out, and made up his lee-way, and as they breasted the hill in the twenty-eighth lap, he, amidst the most deafening cheers, dashed past the Indian, and swept round the bend into the straight with a lead of three yards, finishing the four miles that distance in advance, in 20 min. 25 sec. For seven laps did Mills hold the lead, neither flinching from his work, although the ground was getting very heavy; and when the first half hour had expired, nearly six miles had been covered. Entering the straight, in the thirty-fourth lap, Deerfoot came to Mills's shoulder, and they both passed the referee abreast, and thus rounded the bottom turn. And now, from the bottom of the hill, commenced a most exciting struggle for the lead, the men racing as though within 100 yards of home. Miles had the inside, but just as they reached the top of the hill, the Indian's superior strength told, and he was enabled to take the front position. Mills, seemingly satisfied, or for the time exhausted by his efforts, fell some dozen yards in the rear, and ran there for two or three laps. In the fortieth lap, he began to decrease the gap; and, as they entered on the forty-second, another most tremendous struggle ensued for the front, which lasted an entire gap, and ended in Deerfoot still maintaining the lead. During these desperate spurts the cheers from the lookers-on were most enthusiastic, and spurred the men on to redoubled exertions. During the running of the fiftieth lap, Mills appeared much distressed, and Deerfoot having the "office" given him, put on more pressure and dashed away from his man, leaving a space of twenty yards between them. Mills, nothing daunted, stuck to his work most gamely, and as he passed the Pagoda, was seen to strike his side as though in pain. For the next two laps did the Indian career along by himself, the race looking all but over, when, to the surprise of all, Mills gathered himself together, and, seeming to have shaken off all his distress, made a dash after his swarthy opponent, and in the fifty-third lap challenged him for the lead. This Deerfoot disputed, and again spurted away from his man, finishing the lap twenty yards ahead. Again, on rushing the hill, did Mills close on his opponent, and as they swept down the straight for the finish of the sixtieth, "Teddy" once more showed ahead, and was greeted with most uproarious cheers. Thus for two laps did Mills hold the lead, but descending the hill in the sixty-second lap, Deerfoot came to his shoulder, and they raced all down the straight, passing the post together. From this point to the end of the sixty-fourth lap, the race was a succession of spurts, each trying to cut his opponent down; but so great was the power of endurance possessed by both, that nothing short of falling down seemed likely to stop them. In rounding the top bend of the course, Mills got the lead, and passed the referee first by two yards. During the running of the sixty-fifth lap, no change in their relative positions took place; but in the next, the Indian once more assumed the lead, and the excitement began to grow intense as the time drew nigh for the race to conclude. The backers and advisers of each man carefully announced the time yet to elapse, and the Indian did all nature would allow him to get away, but this the indomitable little Teddy would not permit, and although in each succeeding lap he fell further in the rear, still he kept gallantly on, hoping against hope. In the seventy-third round he was seen to stagger, but, resolutely recovering himself, he still continued the pursuit, and, as they climbed the hill, he got a yard or two nearer to his leader, but each stride he took was evidently a heavy task to him. Deerfoot kept perseveringly on, but could not shake his follower, for he also began to show symptoms of the pace and distance telling on him, and it was almost painful to behold two such game men struggling along through the heavy ground, the veins on their foreheads and sides of their necks standing out from the severity of their efforts, and poor little Mills almost rolling along. All were on the tip-toe of expectation for the report of the pistol, and Martin was heard to shout out to his man, "Only a minute." This announcement caused them, if possible, to increase their exertions, and at length, as they reached the top of the hill in the seventy-third lap, bang went the pistol, and Deerfoot was hailed the winner by about sixteen yards, having run 11 miles 540 yards in the hour. On hearing the report of the pistol, he made an attempt at a spurt, in which the will was good, but the understandings had had too much work that day to carry out the wish. Mills was very much distressed, and had to be assisted from the ground, but in a little time came round, and was soon himself again. The following is the correct time:—

miles.	min.	sec.	miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	49	7	36	2
2	9	58	8	41	25
3	15	8	9	46	50
4	20	25	10	52	16
5	25	29	11	57	35
6	30	45			

And in the hour, 11 miles, 540 yards.

After the race, when the excitement had a little quieted down, match-making was talked of, and in the course of the evening Mower and Teddy Mills were matched to run one mile, for £50 a side, in any ground near London, bar Hackney Wick. £5 a side were staked.

THE LEGALITY OF PUGILISM.

From the London Saturday Review.

That there is anything necessarily brutalizing in the compound of skill and hardihood which the business of a pugilist requires, in the necessary training, or in the combat itself, can never be shown. That a prize-fight is technically a breach of the peace has nothing to do with the real question; save that, by making a thing unlawful, we so far degrade those who practise it, and so far tend to produce the evils alleged above. The Power of enduring suffering, and of witnessing it, without giving way, is surely an attribute of manliness, and may be reckoned even as a physical basis of the Christian character. Self-defence, and the power of protecting the weak and defenceless, are surely social faculties worth cultivating at all times. To know what muscles to exert, and to have those muscles ready for use against the grip of the garotter or the assault of the bully, is a comparatively cheap protection of the individual, and no superfluous benefit even to modern society. And whatever may be said of the natural tendencies of Englishmen, we cannot but think that these powers would generally droop and dwindle in the total absence of all public and practical test, even as the average of mathematical cultivation would fall, if the wranglers' list and all similar machinery were summarily abolished. The knowledge that "sometimes we must box without the muffle" is the best security for earnestness in the pursuit of that command over physical force, of which the champion's belt is the highest guarantee. Fencing has sunk to an elegant accomplishment since society ceased to carry swords. Society will never cease to carry them with the best effect. Nor is the training of a man to do the best with his limbs and weight without its moral side. It involves a command of temper, too; and this will often alone secure the use of the bodily advantages of which it is the steward. This enables a man to realise practically both the advantages conveyed in the double caution of Polonius to his son:—

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that th' opposer may beware of thee."

Not only has the estimate which peace-mongers hold of the military profession many points in common with the general estimate of the Prize-ring, but even the practice of the bar has often come in for similar strictures to those which are urged against the latter. It is said that the advocate does his utmost to browbeat the opposite witnesses; to abuse and vilify, or at least depreciate and insinuate unworthy motives against his adversary's client; that his immediate object is not truth, but victory; that he manipulates evidence, gives a false color to facts, warps the meaning of plain words, wrests the law to his side, appeals to the known bias or probable prejudice of the jury, and seeks to sophisticate the judge. And it is urged with great plausibility that such practices must deaden the mind to the value of truth, and tend to make justice a game of chance, or, at best, unscrupulous skill. We believe that the great security against our bar sinking to the level which such arguments imply, lies in the social esteem which the bar enjoys. Litigation is, relatively, an evil, however necessary it may be. And more exasperation, rancour, and uncharitableness is probably stirred up in a single term in connection with it, than has accompanied all the prize-fights that ever yet were fought. Social esteem keeps the barrister up, and lets the prize-fighter down. The ruffianism, the spells of wild inebriety alternating with the severity of training, and all the concomitant "blackguardism" which marks the lower members, and, perhaps, the larger number of professional "fighting-men," have no root in their profession as such. It is the result of the degradation in which they are held, and of the social ban under which they are laid. There is no reason whatever why two men should not, as they shake hands first, go to work in a spirit of perfect chivalry; and enter the ring with the temper and conscience of Bayard himself. It is the abhorrence of the "respectable" which makes them what they are. Society shuts its doors against them; but the bars of the lower grade of public-houses are open, and there they are accordingly found. They are, in form of law, criminals, and make good their position by lawless lives. It is the old case of the publican and the pharisee. Society secures a little good of a lower sort, and has not the faith and the charity to venture for a higher one. The temper which we call "Pharisaism," for the sake of a distinctive term, is an element in all society which, having made some progress in civilization, finds it less trouble to throw up barriers than to pioneer paths for further progress. As regards human life and limb, more mischief to them is certainly done in a season's fox-hunting than in a year's fights. Nay, a calm review of facts, will lead to the conclusion that prize-fighting tends to economise them. It lays down rules for that which is indeed an evil—a quarrelsome disposition to hurt a neighbor; and, though its own battles may be conducted without a particle of ill-will, it extends a beneficial influence to the really brutal battles into which our lower population are apt to rush. It tends to minimise the mischief of a fight, and thus to protect what it seems at first sight to endanger. It hardly ever happens that fair fights are fatal; it constantly happens that deadly blows are given when men fight in defiance of the rules of the Ring, and without its safeguards. We could hardly hope to alter in less than a generation the average character of prize-fighters; but the first step towards any future amelioration would certainly be the removal of the stigma of illegality, which is proved to be nugatory as regards the stopping of fights, and only effectual in degrading those who conduct them. If one influential section of society had its way, the stage, which has been under its severest anathema, would degrade the actor and the actress just as the Prize-ring does him who makes it his calling now. But, as regards the stage, society on the whole has decided that there is a clear advantage in keeping it respectable. Withdraw that support, and—we will not say that actresses would become the most degraded of their sex, but—none but those already so degraded would accept the profession of the stage. All who had a character to lose would shrink away.

FILLING A THEATRE.

A NEW PLAN FOR GETTING AN AUDIENCE.

HINTS TO MANAGERS.

"I am the manager of the Gloriosa Theatre. I have no unrivalled stars, no tremendous success, no last appearances, no performances by particular desire displayed upon the bills; my arrangements are securely made in another, and a more substantial direction. Next to a theatre given up to an astronomical lecturer, the most melancholy picture in the world is a house with empty boxes, and a few people huddled together for warmth in the exact centre of the pit. There is one obvious remedy for this, which will at once strike the most uninventive mind with the force of an inspiration. Paper—orders—free admissions? No. Paper audiences are cold, unimpassioned, fretful, patronising; nothing, in fact, if not critical. Their latent power of quiet stage damnation is something awful. Not only do they look what they are, but three or four free admissions will spoil them for life. They will come to consider the inside of a theatre like a situation in Her Majesty's Treasury, a place that any person can get for nothing, if they only know how, when, and where to apply for it. They will never pay at the doors again as long as they live. These hastily-collected, sour-visaged, fastidious, ill-dressed people, are never seen in the Gloriosa Theatre, their places being occupied by a hundred or more of the regular stage supernumeraries, engaged at any cost, who are carefully dressed in the theatrical wardrobe of private dresses, and then judiciously spread through the half-empty house. There, they act in divisions, under the eye and orders of their leaders, in exactly the same way as they are regulated behind the curtain; and one of them is, at all times, found equal to any half-dozen of the general public promoted from the pit to a private box, by a suddenly received pass ticket from a bewildered manager. In the company of the Gloriosa Theatre, as in every other company, there are many minor performers who cannot be employed upon the stage every night in the week, or in every piece performed in the course of the evening. Rather than let them stand idly at the wings, obstructing the business of the stage, and forming an annoying lateral audience to their acting companions, I always make them useful in the front of the curtain. How damaging it is to the character of a theatre when a gentleman in one private box raises his eyes and sees his box-keeper—the man to whom he has just given a shilling for a place and a bill—standing or sitting in the box immediately opposite, peeping at the front of the house round the box curtains, like a burglar in ambush, and holding a bouquet in his inexperienced hands, which, in a few moments he will level, with unsteady aim, at the principal performer? Such rude preparations, in aid of the usual outburst of delight at the close of a performance, are unworthy of theatrical management—unworthy of a common barn. They have no place in the beautifully regulated Gloriosa Theatre. That remarkably fine man, as the ladies call him, in the big private box, whose blue dress coat, with velvet collar, white waist-coat, white necktie, and fine curly flaxen wig, remind the audience of the once finest gentleman in Europe, is not His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke of Meddlingbeggar Seidlitz, as the profusion of brilliant orders upon his slightly-exposed left breast would seem to imply; but poor old Hobbler, my third old man comedian, who is past the regular business of the stage, and earns his salary by sitting for aristocracy in one or other of the empty boxes. Put him in the hands of the best dresser in the theatre (who alters his appearance every night,) let him be conducted, when ready, to his allotted seat, and he does more good to the treasury in this quiet way, than he ever would by gasping through a part upon the stage. That tall, thin man, in the small private box, with the lofty brow, severe expression of face, and a plain blue ribbon across his breast, is a gentleman who has mistaken his vocation as a light comedian, and, having sense enough to see this, he is prevailed upon to personate the form and aspect of over-wrought ministers of state, who are reposing from the cares of government, by witnessing my excellent comedies and farces. To-night he is sitting for the Right Honorable Earl of Beerhousie; to-morrow he will, perhaps, change his character for the Marquis of Needham, and the next night he will appear with a lady, whom I have engaged for the purpose, as Lord and Lady Longwyndham. That respectable, middle-class-looking gentleman with his two sons, sitting in front of the dress circle, and conversing loudly between the acts, upon the distinguished merits of the pieces and the performers; that stout lady in the upper boxes, who is obliged to be held down in violent fits of laughter several times in the course of the farce; that genial countryman in the centre of the pit, who swears he will send up the whole of Stocker-in-the-Marsh by next excursion train to see the comedy; and those half-dozen rough, red-faced sons of toil in the gallery, who carry an encore, or initiate a call, are all familiar faces at the treasury of the Gloriosa Theatre, every Saturday afternoon, from one to two o'clock."

THE THEATER OF EPHESUS.—The ancient theater of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was 660 feet, 40 feet more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing 15 inches for each person, it would accommodate 56,700 spectators. This edifice was the scene of Apollonius's miracles. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts XIX, when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this edifice the writer to the Corinthians alluded, probably, when he said: "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me."

CLEAR AS MUD.—A late advertisement in an Irish paper says: "Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Foggerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise shell combs behind her ears and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

COULDN'T COME IT.—Fisher, the celebrated performer on the oboe, was invited by Lord Kelly to sup with him. In the course of the evening his lordship hinted that he hoped he had brought his oboe with him. "My lord," said Fisher, "my oboe never eats supper."

IRISH WIT.—A sailor dropped out of the rigging on a ship-of-war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, "Where did you come from?" "I came from Ireland, your honor."

A KIND HEARTED CREATURE.—A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's death, sighed out. "Poor fellow, how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

A PUZZLER FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—An Irishman from the sod was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers," said he, "does your chase in this country have childer?"

ELEGANT COMPARISON.—A horse dealer describing a used up horse, said:—"he looked as if he had been editing a country newspaper."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 339.

DRAMATIC.

There is nothing of much interest going on in California just now. Under date of San Francisco, January 1st, Sherry Corbyn sends us the following summary of news theatrical and otherwise:—

FRIEND FRANK—I wish you a very happy New Year, which has been ushered in here as bright as a new "mint drop," and our prospects theatrically are as bright as the weather.

Leighton's New Eureka Theatre has been open two weeks, during which time it has been the centre of attraction, as it richly deserves to be, for though small, it is quite large enough for this city; its capacity when full is upwards of $950. The bill for this evening will be Edmund Falconer's new drama of the "Duel, or the Husband of an Hour," a musical olio by Miss Viola, Nellie Brown, La Petite Taglioni, Miss Ella, and Mrs. H. A. Perry, the performance concluding with (for the first time in this country) the dramatic sketch entitled "Sam's Arrival." Mr. W. H. Leighton, who, one of your correspondents asserts, *has hard work to make bread and butter with a small company in the Mountains, on the joint stock principle*, has succeeded in having built one of the neatest and most comfortable dramatic temples on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Metropolitan Theatre.—Julia Dean Hayne, Caroline Chapman, and an excellent company are performing here.

Bella Union Melodeon.—This cheap resort continues crowded nightly. Senorita Maria and Marian Lee are the principal features.

Gilbert's Melodeon.—Well, what shall I say of this hall, which, if we must believe your correspondents, "Bay View," "Athens," and others, is positively ruining its manager. Gilbert—the founder of this place—has done well enough to take a pleasure trip to Europe, after selling his good will for six thousand eight hundred and fifty-three dollars; and the new firm have refused a very handsome bonus for what they think a very handsome investment. The principal features here are Miss Lotta, the Worrell Sisters (of whom Jennie is a perfect trump,) Joe Murphy; the great interlocutor, W. Bernard, and an immense company of lesser lights, who, if seen or heard apart from these great luminaries, would be thought brilliant stars.

McKean Buchanan is in the hills with a good company, including his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pope, Mrs. Saunders, and Walter Lyman.

Julia Dean Hayne.—This talented lady will be the recipient of a testimonial on the 6th, in the shape of a benefit, to take place at the Metropolitan; it will doubtless be a grand affair, as it is in the hands of our most influential citizens. Leighton, with his usual generosity, has placed his new Eureka Theatre at her disposal for that evening, when all ticket holders who are unable to gain admission to the Metropolitan, will be received at the last named house; this is a free offer on the part of Mr. Leighton, and I think one of the most liberal acts ever shown among rival theatrical establishments.

Edith Mitchell is in Victoria, doing well.

E. H. Harvey, formerly manager of the National Melodeon in this city, has an establishment of a similar character in Victoria, V. I.

The Bianchi Opera Troude.—The Signora will take another benefit at Maguire's on the 5th.

Mr. Blake is rather too often imperfect in his text, and otherwise careless. A few nights since, in Boston, while performing with Laura Keene's company, he nearly brought a scene to a stand still by his inaccuracy. He is old enough to know better, we should think.

The Siegrist Family were up for a benefit at the new German Theatre, Detroit, on Friday, the 30th, and, no doubt from their popularity among the Germans, a full house greeted them. The same German Theatre seems to be doing a good business. Although everything was "Greek" to our correspondent, yet it was apparent that the actors were well up in their parts, everything moving with smoothness, and giving much satisfaction to those present, if applause speaks for anything.

The Royal Lyceum, Toronto, under Harry Linden's management, has been doing fearfully bad business for the last two weeks, with no better prospect ahead. "The Old Man's Son" says—It is no unusual thing to see a $20 or $25 house for a week running, in a theatre that will hold $300. Mr. Loveday has cut acquaintance with Harry in a business point of view, although he has consented to play Harry Cavanagh in the 'Peep o' Day' next (this) week. Linden took a benefit to a $125 house last Monday night, 26th Jan. It is rather strange that since the *Leader*, the principal sesesh sheet in Canada, has veered round in favor of Linden, when six weeks ago it was dead against him, the 'biz.' has gone down headforemost. If Linden wishes to make the 'honey' come in, he's got to engage a few stars, and not choke the public with wretched stock acting..... Mr. J. C. Williamson, who has been laid up with fever for the last three weeks, is just getting round, and will be 'on' again next week. J. C. W. has made himself very popular with Toronto theatre goers.

Cubas goes to the Walnut, Philadelphia, opening there on the 9th inst., in the 'French Spy."

Mme. Biscaccianti had recovered from her indisposition, and resumed her singing in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams had a rush of business at Grover's Washington Theatre. The popularity of those artists is as great as ever. Their engagement continues until further notice.

What's the matter with Barnum's new establishment in Boston? We see that it is advertised for sale already. We do not believe the place has thus far realised the expectations of the "great showman," or he would not be willing to "let go his hold" so soon.

The New Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, was not doing very well at last advices. The company were working hard, but it seemed to be up-hill work.

Theatricals at Portland, Oregon, are dull. A small company were trying to keep soul and body together, at the theatre, by the exercise of their talents, but biz. was bad. Immense numbers have left Portland to winter in California, where the weather is less rigorous.

Mrs. English's New Tremont, Boston, is now announced to open on Monday evening, Feb. 9th. Her troupe of Ravel artistes will appear. In the troupe are Marietta Ravel, Alexandre Zanfretta, Edouard Velarde, Pietro Zanoni, new buffo singer from Italy; Albert Braham, tenor; Signor Chiarisky, Signor Donetti, Young America, M'lle Julie St. Cyr, M'lle Adele St. Cyr, M'lle Sophie Zanfretta, M'lle Zoe, and a large ballet *corps*. An excellent dramatic company is also being formed. Mrs. English will do all in her power to make the New Tremont one of the leading theatres in the country.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The "World Star Band," before leaving Cairo for Memphis, had some trouble. Cal. Neuman and George Williams, of Louisville, managers of the company, deserted the boys, and left them in rather straitened circumstances. Their agent, Harry Nettleton, was left sick at the United States Hotel, in Cairo, and on the 22d of January, the poor fellow died. The company did what they could for him while sick, and raised sufficient to bury him. When men undertake to manage a concern, they should at least make some provision for their sick, even if they are not able to pay their performers.

A new minstrel band enters the field this week, giving one performance, their first, this evening, Feb. 2d, at Paterson, N. J., and then they leave direct for the West, beginning at Cleveland, Ohio. The troupe is called "Hart & Simmons' Minstrels," the proprietors being the well-known performers, Bob Hart and Lew Simmons.

Presentations are not confined to the dramatic boards. On the 28th ult., on the occasion of a benefit given to W. H. Lewis, of Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn, the beneficiarie was the recipient of a number of presents, among them a pair of bracelets; a finger ring of gold and topaz; a scarf pin, gold and ruby; and a gold guard chain. These valuable tokens were thrown upon the stage to Mr. Lewis by the ladies, he being quite a favorite with that branch of our happy family, on account, probably, of his good looks, and his prima donna business. We had a look at the several pieces of jewelry, each one of which might be considered a valuable token.

A minstrel band was to be called in to help along business at the Toronto Theatre, the dramatic entertainments given there having failed to draw of late, under Mr. Linden's management. As the minstrels will manage themselves, business may improve.

What do you think of this? Ben Cotton has been playing Pantaloon; and Billy O'Neil, Harlequin, in the pantomime brought out at Maguire's, San Francisco. Bully boys.

Johnny Booker requests us to state that he did not "skedaddle," as mentioned in connection with the report of the disbanding of Foster's Minstrels. He was under no obligations to the company. Mr. Foster did all the skedaddling. Mr. Booker sends us an explanation of the affair, but as it came to hand just before going to press, we must defer it until next week.

Sam. Sharpley's Minstrels, one of the largest bands ever organized, put in a full week at Albany and Troy since our last. Whether Mr. Errickson's iron clads "can stand the storm" or not, is a mooted question, but Sam Sharpley's Monitors do not appear to suffer by "stress of weather" or anything else, for they opened in Albany to crowded houses, notwithstanding the inclement weather. From Albany, they went to Troy, opening on the 29th to a big house, and a heavy snow storm prevailing at the time. The only storms the boys care for are the storms of applause with which they are greeted everywhere, and which only serve to incite them to greater exertions to please. Sam closed in Troy on the 31st, and commences the present week in Schenectady, thence to Utica, Oneida, and Syracuse.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels closed their engagement at the Academy, New Orleans, on the 24th ult., and sailed for Havana, Cuba, on the 25th, arriving there, as our Havana correspondent, "Robur," informs us, on the 27th, where they were to appear at the Villaneuva Theatre. At New Orleans, on the 20th Jan., J. K. Campbell and Harry Slate had a complimentary benefit, on which occasion a silver goblet was given to the author of the best original conundrum, and a huge tin goblet to the author of the worst. The house was good for the times, being something over $300. Messrs. J. E. Greene and C. Lavalle had a benefit on the 24th ult., when an extra programme was offered—a silver goblet was to be given to the handsomest lady present, and another of equal value to the ugliest gentleman present. We have not learned who took the prizes. With the exception of the holidays, business continued about the same. Messrs. Duprez & Green leave New Orleans perfectly satisfied, taking the times into consideration. The business was not what they anticipated; nevertheless they are not losers, as many suppose them to be. They came out with a balance, not large, to be sure, on the right side. Com. Foote, Col. Small, Miss Ellinger, and Professor Brookes, are to play an engagement with the minstrels in Havana. The entire company expect to return to New York about the 1st of March.

It is rumored that Buckley's Minstrels have been negotiating with Barnum for his Aquarial Gardens, in Boston.

Rain or shine, Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels never lack company. Their opera house is always full. This week they announce "Italian Airs by Native Artists," "Alabama Joe," "Stump Speech," "The Auctioneer," etc., and carriages ordered at 9:20. Boston's a place.

Gustave Bidaux, primo baritone of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, writes to say that he expects to be in New York by the steamer Roanoke.

Did you ever see "Archy Hughes in a Fix?" Guess not. Well, look in at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, any night this week, and you will see Archy in a perplexing predicament. The "great sensation" of the "Warm-pan-hogs" took the Brooklynites, last week, and it will be repeated until further notice. "Cum-Plung-Gum" has come again, this time in the person of J. Whiting. It's a capital act, and never fails to please when well performed. G. W. Charles, impersonator of female characters, begins an engagement with Hooley's troupe this evening. Each performance of the company tends to establish Hooley's Minstrels in still greater favor with the good people of the City of Churches.

MUSIC HALLS.

The interesting and amusing pantomime of "La Perouse, or the Monkey of the Desolate Isle," was produced on the 26th at the Bowery, St. Louis. It has been gotten up in good style, and it was thought that after a few more rehearsals it would draw very well. Mr. John Holland, Sr., as the Monkey, was clever, but in comparing him with Tom Cony, our correspondent thinks he would prefer Tom. "The Three Fast Men" still hold forth.

The Varieties, St. Louis, still flourishes, and continues to draw large houses. Last week, "The Terror of the Road" was the attraction, Miss Wells taking the principal character. "The Fairy of the Lilies" was also on again. It deserves success for the last scene is one of the most beautiful ever seen.

The Athenæum Free Concert Hall is the name of a new hall in Toronto, situated on Bay street. Mrs. R. Newton, D. T. Corrie, Geo. E. Aitken and others, discourse music free each evening.

A trial for rape recently took place in Pittsburgh in which a young lady named Miss Clara B. Naylor was the prosecutrix. The proprietor of Garrett's Museum, in that city, soon after advertised for exhibition a wax figure of the lady. A warrant for his arrest on the charge of libel, was issued, and he left the city, the Museum thereupon being closed.

Madame Julia Melville was billed to give a couple of entertainments in Scottsville, N. Y., on the 26th and 27th ult. The Madame is assisted in her concerts by the young vocalist and pianist, La Belle Emelie, and the "Infant Orator," Edwin Forrest Melville, who is also called Master Willie. This little orator is aged, on the bills, three years. He has plenty of time before him to improve in.

George Vandenhoff gave two readings in Pittsburgh, at Concert Hall, last week. On the first night, the 27th, a "fashionable audience" attended, but they were not crowded; *au contraire*, as the "parley vous" have it, there was plenty of room, caused, perhaps, by the disagreeable weather outside.

Reports from Alexandria, Va., state that Geo. Percival's Canterbury company, at Liberty Hall, are doing well, with bright prospects for the future. Our little fairy sisters, M'lles Augusta and Marie, are with the troupe, dancing themselves into the favor of the Alexandrians. A new comic song, "The Fashions," has been written for Mat. Gebbler, the comic singer of the company. It makes some very good hits at the shoulder straps, the paymasters, the women, etc. C. G. Mortimer is the business manager of the Canterbury party.

Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, keeps up the interest in music hall business. Sig. Bliss, the antipodean pedestrian, was announced to terminate his engagement there on the 31st. John Clusky, jig dancer, is there, with Dick Berthelon, Nellie Howard, Mary Walton, Julia Robinson, M'lle Louise, Addie Johnson, and a whole host of other talent. Lea has an immense company, and gives a splendid show.

M'lle Helene and G. W. Smith have returned to the Continental, Philadelphia, and appear this week in the Spanish ballet, "La Maja de Seville." One of the best programmes ever performed to a music hall audience, is presented this week by manager Aims. It is truly a magnificent bill.

Tom Brookfield had a complimentary benefit at Gaiety Music Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 30th ult., for which occasion a trial dance for a silver pitcher was advertised, none but citizens of Harrisburg to take part. An unusually clever programme was offered.

Mr. Beller, of Detroit, secured the Firemen's Hall for two nights, the 29th and 30th, for the purpose of giving the ladies of that city an opportunity of seeing that graceful danseuse, Mdlle. Marietta Ravel, who was to be assisted by most of Mr. Beller's company. Mr. B. having to keep both houses going, must have had a rather lively time of it.

Miss Viroquet Farren and brother have been re-engaged at Beller's Music Hall, Detroit. The young lady has improved wonderfully in her dancing. Mdlle. Millie Flora leaves this week for New York. Dan Bushnell makes his next appearance at St. Louis.

CIRCUSES.

We are to have the celebrated Madame Macarte with us again, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column. She will be accompanied by the Hibernian clown, Mr. James Cook, from Astley's, London, and also by Mr. Geo. Clarke, from Hengler's, Liverpool. The advent of this trio of circus celebrities will at once attract the attention of all interested in equestrian performances, or ring acts. Madame Macarte informs us that she has a number of new and beautiful acts, adapted either for the stage or ring. The lady is well known in this country, having performed here in times gone by.

Mr. Pridham, the California circus agent, recently went from New York to attend to some business in Kentucky and Tennessee, but he met with many difficulties in working his way among our lines, having been made to take the oath of allegiance about a dozen times a day. He was near the Tennessee State line, and was kept there three days, and himself and his papers subjected to a thorough search. After a deal of trouble he got away, and reached New York once more in safety. He expects to start for California on the 11th inst. Among the natural curiosities engaged by him is a woman seven feet in height.

From Havana our dates are down to January 28, and our correspondent "Robur," gives us the following items of circus news:—HAVANA, Jan. 28, '63—DEAR CLIPPER—Herewith I send you the latest items in the world of amusement in the "ever-faithful isle." The past two weeks have been devoted chiefly to benefits both at the opera, circus, and theatre. The benefit given to Mad. Loyale, the accomplished and beautiful bare-backed rider at Chiarini's Circus, was a perfect ovation, the house being completely jammed; and two nights following, the public gave fully as large a demonstration of their approbation upon the occasion of the benefit of Lorenzo Mayo, the clown, who, in the course of the evening, was the recipient of a splendid carved ivory head cane, with gold top, ferrule, and appropriate inscription, the same having been got up by subscription.....Robinson (our James) is still filling the natives with wonder and admiration by his own daring performances, and the beautiful daughter of the proprietor, Miss Josefina Chiarini has taken the hearts of all by storm, whether native or foreign, and is without doubt the most graceful Spanish danseuse upon the stage, excepting only the renowned Cubas.....Last evening George Cook's Monkey and Dog troupe, from Astley's, London, made their first appearance here in the ring at Chiarini's, and were well received. [See also Dramatic.—ED.]

Peoples, Aymar, Sebastian and wife, young Romeo, the Orrin family, etc., are in San Francisco, waiting for the opening of the spring campaign.

The Brooklyn Arena has been doing very well with the Melville family. The place is growing in favor, the manner in which it is conducted giving great satisfaction to our Brooklyn friends.

This is announced as the last week of the season at Gardner & Hemmings' Amphitheatre, Philadelphia. A complimentary to John Foster takes place on the 5th, another to Hemmings on the 6th, and the season closes on the 7th, with Dan. Gardner's benefit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Talk of critical audiences in New York. Bah! They are mere automatons compared with some people out West. Ask Carlotta Patti and Gottschalk, who lately appeared before an audience in La Fayette, Indiana. *They* can tell you who are the leaders in musical circles, who are good, who bad, and who indifferent; and any artist going there must not presume on the mere fact of hailing from the New York Academy of Music, as Patti and Gottschy—who sadly came to grief in presence of the *elite* of Wabash Valley—can testify. We tell the tale as 'twas told to us by our correspondent, "Thomas Jefferson Clay Jenks," who nothing extenuates nor sets aught down in malice. La Fayette, Indiana, was the scene of operations. He says:—"The monotony which pervades this thriving village in the way of public amusements, was very unexpectedly broken by the announcement in large placards, about a week ago, that we were to have a grand concert by Gottschalk and Patti. This was enough to transport us to an imaginary paradise—children rushed home to tell their ma's—beaux hurried with "bated breath" to glad the souls of their sweethearts—and husbands, who had not entirely forgotten "auld lang syne," left their slaughter houses and distilleries to tell their wives to prepare for the gala night. Of course, Miss Letitia McPhun got an opera glass, though her mother had to refer her to a young girl, who taught school, to discover which end she should look through. Mr. Henry Clay Gingerbread—whose father left him a dozen years' profit on whiskey and pork—despatched by express for a suit of sable. In fact, the whole village was in an uproar of delight, having been fully advised that the coming entertainment was the thing itself among the *ton* of New York. And yet, what made it more fascinating than our former entertainments (which, by the way, have been almost exclusively burnt cork of a low grade) was the increased price of admission, and a division in the hall, giving the first families an opportunity to pay double price for reserved seats, which would in a manner separate them from the vulgar crowd, who would go there merely to ape them, not knowing anything about the sublime science of music—not having, in fact, eyes to see nor ears to hear. The wished for night came, and on the 22d evening of January, A.D. 1863, might be seen, wending their jocund way to the "city hall," as gay and lovely a lot of ladies as the moon ever looked on, accompanied by as brave and true men as have remained at home in these times of trouble "to guard their own firesides." Anon, the great performer made his appearance, and taking his seat unceremoniously, as if there had not been a human being in the hall, ran through his task and stalked away. A murmur of displeasure ran through the audience at this signal indignity. Miss McPhun declared openly he was a perfect bear, and knew nothing—Mr. Brown "never saw no showman act like that feller before." They expected more from the lady, but, alas! they were doomed to disappointment. On her appearance, a round of applause went up, shaking the very roof; but Miss Carlotta, looking on with sublime indifference, began her part, ended, and—shocking to relate—went off the stage without even a smile of acknowledgment. Ah! little did she dream that the *elite* of the Wabash Valley was her audience. From circus, nigger show, or temperance lecturer, they never received such marks of disrespect—it was too provoking—the ladies' dander was aroused—the gents ditto. A committee of the "first young men" was at once deputed to expostulate with the offenders immediately, and request them to be a little more respectful on their next entrance. Imagine their astonishment when Miss Carlotta answered them in the following manner:—"I would not condescend to notice such an ignorant and unappreciative audience as this." I fear she knew not what she said. On hearing this answer, some half dozen of the ladies fainted away, five of whom were the wives of very respectable gentlemen, who a few years back had contracts on the railroads and canals running through this valley, amounting to one dollar per day. I write this to warn Mr. Gottschalk and Miss Patti in their future travels out west, to bear in mind that we are undeniably and incontrovertibly "some punkins."

Professor Carl, a well-known "strong man," ventriloquist and magician, is reported dead, by a correspondent in Boston.

Harrington, the ventriloquist, will probably play an engagement at Providence, with Myers, the last week in February.

Artemus Ward spent "Sixty Minutes in Africa," at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 28th ult. The hall was not crowded.

Sig. Jerovelle and Mr. Morgan gave an entertainment at American Hall, Hartford, Conn., on the 26th Jan. Mr. Morgan exhibited his snakes, Chinese exercises, etc., while the Signor is supposed to have shown up the Italian Fantocini. They are working their way to New York, and will exhibit in Morrisania, about the 10th of Feb.

Harrington, the Boston Ventriloquist, performed at Newport, R. I., Jan. 24, before the officers and midshipmen (numbering 416) of the United States Naval School, by express invitation, and also gave two other performances, which drew crowded audiences. He is now advertised for a route on Cape Cod, commencing at Provincetown.

Goodwin & Wilder's Polymorama of the War has been doing a fine business in Pittsburgh, numbers being unable to gain admittance on most occasions. We understand from a correspondent, that the receipts for the past two weeks amounted to $3,140, including twelve evening and six afternoon exhibitions. We learn that a party in Pittsburgh offered the owners $4000 for the concern, but they ask $5000. This week the Polymorama is at Cleveland, Ohio, opening on Feb. 2d, at the Academy of Music. From Cleveland to Cincinnati.

Music and gymnastics are excellent as a combination of amusements, and so the children of the Eliot Grammar School, Boston, thought, on the afternoon of the 27th ult., when, after exhibiting their proficiency in gymnastics, little Teresa Carreno performed several pieces on the piano, much to their gratification.

A grand promenade concert for charitable purposes, and under the patronage of the St. Patrick's society, was given at Montreal, C. E., on the 28th ult. Mr. Simon presided at the piano forte.

An amateur performance was given by officers of the garrison at Montreal, C. E., at the Theatre Royal on the 15th ult. Mrs. Buckland and Miss Germon assisted. "John Dobbs" and "The Critic" comprised the programme. After the performance, a ball took place, at which, also, Mr. and Mrs. Buckland, and Miss Germon were present.

Artemus Ward frankly acknowledges that he intends to commit matrimony one of these fine days, "or perish in the attempt," but goes back on that Kentucky beauty with one hundred contrabands, or in other words, hasn't the pleasure of her acquaintance. But don't be afraid, Artemus, for if wedlock is a ticklish thing, you needn't hold back for a supply of the "needful," for the probabilities are that you will be blessed with plenty of "Browns" after the "happy event." We don't mean this as a fling at your present circumstances, Artemus; far be it from us; because you might have plenty of 'em now, for aught we know.

At the Lyceum, Morrisania, on the 29th, a company, limited in number, but of average talent, enacted "The Stranger," Mr. Albinus as the Stranger, and Mrs. Greener as Mrs. Haller. The snow storm was not favorable for a large audience, but those present were pleased.

Gottschalk and Carlotta Patti were announced to give two concerts in Pittsburgh, on Jan. 29th and Feb. 2d. They did not do "immense" in Pittsburgh last season, but an improvement was looked for.

Jas. E. Murdoch reads in Philadelphia on the 5th, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers and their families. The Academy of Music has been engaged for the purpose.

The Philharmonic Society of Boston have presented little Teresa Carreno with a large gold medal, as a tribute to her genius. On the 28th, at Chickering's, she gave a private entertainment, and was presented with another beautiful medal.

Mason Jones has finished his lectures in Boston; he was not very successful there. So says our correspondent, "Boston:"

Concerts for the benefit of the Massachusetts troops at Newbern, N. C., were announced for Saturday and Sunday last, in Boston. Mme. Guerabella and Willie Pape were to assist.

Miss Josephine O'Connell, a native of Philadelphia, is to assist at a concert to be given on the 3d, at the Academy, Philadelphia, by the Orpheus Musical Association.

The great wire performer, Mons. Martenia, has been engaged for Mrs. English's new theatre in Boston. He is said to to be an extraordinary artist, performing feats of jugglery, etc., while on the wire, with almost as much ease as if he was on the floor.

M'lle Marietta is also secured for Mrs. English's Boston company.

We understand that the agent of Madame Anna Bishop is about instituting a suit against the city of Charlestown, Mass., laying damages at $500, for breach of contract, the city authorities having agreed to grant him the use of the City Hall on the 22d ult., for a concert, in forgetfulness of the fact that it had been previously leased to a temperance society.

Carlisle & McConkey are making a good thing out of Parlor Entertainments, which they hold nightly, in a spacious, handsome hall in the rear of their saloon, the Terrapin, in Toronto. Sam McConkey always gets hold of new and good ideas, which please the Torontonians to a dot.

"Major Red Pepper" (Mr. T. S. Atlee) lectured before the Young Men's Society at Detroit, on the 29th ult., and Dr. O. A. Brownson follows on Feb. 2d.

Gottschalk's last concert in Detroit is advertised for Feb. 5th. He will be assisted by Miss Carlotta Patti, who on this occasion makes her farewell appearance. So says our Detroit correspondent, "Xej."

Professor Siddons will spend an "Evening with the Wits and Humorists of British Literature," on Feb. 4, at Brantford, Canada West, and on the 6th, at the same place, will give readings from Shakespeare, etc.

Miss M. C. Ellinger made her first appearance in New Orleans, at the Academy of Music, on the 10th of January, and met with a splendid reception. Her singing is greatly praised by the press of New Orleans.

The Zouave Sisters opened in Binghamton, N. Y., on the 28th ult. The sisters give satisfaction wherever they appear.

The Sedgwicks, father and son, late of Madame Anna Bishop's Concerts, are in Canada. They gave their first concert in Montreal on the 27th ult.

A new music hall is to be erected in Brantford, Canada West. It is to be 116 feet long by 56 in width; on the ground floor, with dressing rooms, etc.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

The Plymouth Theatre was re-opened on the 12th ult. A speech by Captain Holloway, alluding to its destruction by fire, Mr. Newcombe's enterprise, etc., "opened the exercises." "Sunshine Through Clouds" appropriately followed, and a pantomime wound up the proceedings. The house was comfortably full.

Sam Cowell "comicalized" at Derby on the 7th ult.

Mr. Alfred Davis, of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre Royal, lost a son and an only daughter—the former on Jan. 7, the latter on the 11th—by scarlitina maligna.

From grave to gay suits us better than *vice versa*, and we know of nothing that should prove more gay than a wedding. Such an event took place on Jan. 5, when Mr. John George Warde, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was united to Miss Priscilla Lemmon, of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. That Lemmon will be sure to get squeezed, we'll bet.

Prof. Anderson, Jr., has "skedaddled" from Dublin, after a successful sojourn.

J. P. Carey's Irish Minstrels opened in Dublin on January 14. Carey and his chickens are liked, and success is predicted.

'Bravin's Brow" is the title of an *entirely* new drama brought out recently at the Princess's, Leeds, by Mr. John Coleman.

Miss Helen Western, "a young lady from America," appeared at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, during the week ending January 17. Here's what they say of her:—"As actress and dancer she has gained much favor from the public, who have not been slow to patronise or appreciate. Miss Western is a vocalist, too, and has striven well to sing, although laboring under severe hoarseness. She has been complimented by repeated calls each night, and has won much applause. Her wardrobe is costly and beautiful, and with a fine appearance and pleasing figure, she has made a favorable impression here. Her selection of characters has been varied, and she has appeared in the French Spy, Jenny Lind, The Three Fast Men, etc."

Tom Sayers' circus having gone by the hammer, he is now engaged at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, London, together with his two comic mules, Pete and Barney. The trio appear every night, and "share the honors."

Master Jem Mace denies that Jem Myers, his partner, bought up the choice stock in the late auction of his horses, etc., but he admits his intention of going into the circus biz. the coming spring, bigger than ever. Don't get too many irons in the fire, Jems.

In Berlin, Prussia, a historical play in five acts, entitled "Waldemar," has been brought out at the Theatre Royal, and Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" at the Victoria, Frau Jackmann as Hermione.

Jeanie Deans is to find a representative in Miss Margaret Eburne, in the forthcoming drama at the Surrey, London.

Henry Loraine is to make his metropolitan *debut* at Drury Lane soon, we believe.

M. Fechter's lesseeship of the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., commenced on Jan. 10, when a full house greeted the performers in their representation of "A Sudden Attack," and "The Duke's Motto," a drama in three acts, written by Messrs. Paul Feval and John Brougham. The principal characters—Captain Henri De Lagardere, Duchess de Nevers, and Prince de Gonzages—were enacted by Mons. Fechter, Miss Elsworthy, and Mr. Geo. Vining respectively. The whole affair is spoken of as "a great success."

Montague's Christy Minstrels were at Newcastle on the 10th ult. They are on their "sixth grand provincial tour."

Miss Ettie Henderson has been fulfilling an engagement at Southampton. Her impersonation of the "Mysterious Stranger" is highly spoken of, and the lady is honorably mentioned as an American actress.

Theatrical affairs in Australia are improving, and "excellent business" is the word. Mr. Barry Sullivan, on November 2d had returned to Melbourne from Sydney, and it was expected that he would soon appear in conjunction with Mr. J. Dillon. On Nov. 27, the latter gentleman made his first appearance in Australia as Belphegor, and "a lengthened career of success" promised him.....Joseph Jefferson had played a second engagement at Bendigo, and on Dec. 1st was to appear in "Twelfth Night" in Melbourne.....Miss Joey Gougenheim is carrying the Lyceum Theatre, N. S. W., and, it is said, very successfully. Good for you, Joey.

The receipts at Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the first and second nights of the pantomine were within a few shillings of £800 ($4,000). The largest amount ever taken for two nights at this theatre during pantomine season.

Mr. Buckstone is said to have cleared very near twenty-thousand pounds in 1862 alone by Lord Dundreary.

The burlesque of "Golden Hair," produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, on boxing night, was withdrawn after a very lengthened run of *nine* nights.

The Royal Westminster Theatre has not attained the prestige Boucicault concluded it would have, immediately it opened. "Astley's" will be "Astley's" still to the multitude; the pantomine "Lady Bird, or Harlequin Lord Dundreary," has *not* proved a hit.

The Christy Minstrels (Collins's) have been doing a great business at the St. James's Hall, London. They are engaged to September next; a Mr. Thomas has joined them as tambourine vice Birbank.

The Plymouth Theatre was re-opened on the 12th January; very much damage was done by the fire, and that only to the auditorium part, thanks to the theatre having an iron roof, which enabled the lessee, Mr. Newcombe, to open so soon again.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul continue to meet with great success in their entertainments; Mr. Howard Paul also nets a good come from a two-penny comic almanac, quite a rival in its way to *Punch's* celebrated one.

Professor Anderson, the great Wizard of the North, made his appearance at Smith's Supper Rooms (famed for oysters) about nine o'clock on Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, much to the astonishment of his friends, who all thought he was on his way to the West Indies. The Professor commenced his entertainments at Liverpool.

Ireland has long contributed to the support of English and American minstrelsy, until she has got the business down to a dot, and now she is out with a band of her own, called "Carey's Irish Minstrels." They were to open at the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 12th inst. They are natural corkonians, and we are not aware that they black up as our fellers do. They sing the popular melodies and choruses of Ireland, both sentimental and comic, play on the harp, violin, etc.; tell anecdotes, dance, cut up shindies, and go it generally in a rattling and roaring manner. The idea is a novel one, and may prove a great success. What is more beautiful, when well rendered, than the songs of Lover, Wallace, Carolan, Balfe, and others of Ireland's composers.

Frank Clifton, equestrian clown with M'Collam's American Circus in India, is looked for in England soon, with a company of native snake charmers and performing flying foxes.

AMATEUR.

DRAMATIC ASSOCIATIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.—A number of dramatic schools in Philadelphia have managed to keep up their organizations, notwithstanding the losses in members they have sustained since the breaking out of the war. Our correspondent, "Jack Rover," in a letter dated Jan. 29, gives the latest summary. He says:—One of the best amateur performances I have witnessed came off at the Boothenian, on the evening of the 27th, the play being the "Wife." Harry Thomas made his first appearance here as the Duke, and created a perfect *furore* by his rendition of this arduous character. As St. Pierre, Mr. McIntyre done very well, considering it was his first attempt at a character of any length. Miss Ashton showed for the first time this season as the "Wife," dressing and playing the part in capital style. The minor characters were all well done. This evening the Booth give "Venice Preserved.....On the 28th, the Wheatley gave the "Golden Farmer"—it came off equally as well as last week. They gave "Box and Cox" as an afterpiece, in which Messrs. Lawson and Comber created a deal of fun by their original style of doing low comedy. The Wheatley's orchestra, under the direction of George Swain, is becoming one of the institutions of their little theatre. Their execution of the sleigh bell polka last evening was splendid.....The Trovatore is to be brought forth on the 27th, with "All's not Gold that Glitters," and "Rough Diamond." The show was only middling; it is a great pity that some of their members do not pay more attention to studying parts. Messrs. Bailey, Casey, and Rodgers, seem to be about the only members who take any interest in the association. Things in the amateur way are rather dull just now.

DETROIT AMATEURS.—The Amateur Dramatic Entertainments at the Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on the 21st ult., proved every way a success, and it is intended by the company to continue the same at short intervals, devoting the fund to the poor of the city. They were to give another representation on the 31st ult.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:
DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT,
SHER C. CAMPBELL, W. W. NEWCOMB,
NELSON SEYMOUR, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, G. W. CHARLES, J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT, J. MORRISON, T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD, FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
39-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 26, and during the week.
"THE CREME DE LA CREME,"
OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS.
Still floating on the full tide of Public Favor.
ANOTHER MAMMOTH PROGRAMME,
In which our patrons may "loll" in the luxurious lap of
MELODY, MIRTH, AND SONG.
First week of the
BABES IN THE WOODS;
OR, THE LAST OF THE WARM-PAN-HOGS.
OLD BOB RIDLEY FESTIVAL.
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS' QUADRILLES.
JOHNNY'S GONE AWAY.
LAUGHING DARKIES.
LA NORMA.
PENNYTRUMPETCOMBSOLOIST, &c., &c.
For particulars see small bills.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents. 43

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and well conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, PHILAD'A
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS.,
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE C
Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
Proprietors.
32-3m

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
IMMENSE ATTRACTION.
MORE NOVELTIES,
BY THE GREAT COMBINATION OF STARS,
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
Whose refined and pleasing Entertainments continue to attract
CROWDED HOUSES.
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, and every evening during the week.
THE ECHO. THE SURPRISE PARTY,
FOREIGN AIRS AND NATIVE GRACES,
LORD LOVEL, WOMAN'S RIGHTS,
THE TRAITOR'S FATE, THE FOUR VULTURES,
BOB'S WELCOME HOME, THE HAPPY FAMILY, &c., by
PAP HORN, CHARLEY FOX, NELSE SEYMOUR,
COOL WHITE, LOCKWOOD, FLORENCE,
HENRY, GLENN, SCHWICARDI,
ISAACS BROTHERS, GARATAGUA, HASLAM,
LEIS, LEWIS, &c.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 43-

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager,.....WM. WHEATLEY.
THIRD WEEK
Of the Triumphantly Successful Engagement of
THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST,
MISS BATEMAN,
Whose impressive, natural and pathetic rendition of the
JEWISH MAIDEN
Has created the most profound dramatic sensation and attracted a series of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this city.
MONDAY, Feb. 2, and Every Evening this Week,
Will be presented the beautiful romantic play entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.
Superb and exquisite Scenery by J. H. SELWYN.
Original Music, composed expressly, by ROBERT STOEPEL.
Musical Director.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Characteristic Dresses and Appointments,
By MESSRS. PHILLIPE and S. WALLIS.
LEAH, the Jewess.....MISS BATEMAN.
And an unrivalled cast, embracing the names of J. W. Wallack, Sr. Edwin Adams, Burnett, Lanergan, Lamb, Wilson, Mesdames Chanfrau, Skerrett, and the admirable Chorus.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 43-

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manageress.....Miss Laura Keene.
17th Week of the Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG,
Whose brilliant performances nightly elicit
THE MOST RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE,
Crowding houses crowded with the
BEAUTY AND INTELLECT OF THE CITY.
MRS. JOHN WOOD IN TWO CHARACTERS.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2d, 1863,
Will be performed the musical farce entitled
A LOAN OF A LOVER.
GERTRUDE, (with Songs,).....Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
After which the military burletta, in two acts, entitled
THE INVINCIBLES.
VICTOIRE.....Mrs. JOHN WOOD
With the songs, "I'll speak my mind," "Fall not in love," "When first I heard the tambour's rattle," and finale, with all the characters, "When bullets we trade in," during the piece,
MILITARY MANŒUVRES and MARCHES,
by Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and her company of Invincibles.
Will be produced shortly, a
FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,
compiled and revised, with alterations, from Planche's celebrated
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
by Mr. Charles M. Walcot, Senior, in which
MRS. JOHN WOOD will sustain the principal role.
An engagement has been effected with the talented compiler of the piece and talented artiste,
MR. WALCOT, Sen.,
who will appear, and, to add to the attraction, she has also made arrangements with the celebrated
ARAB GIANT, MR. GOSHAN,
who will perform in a speaking character. 43-

444. THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY.
OUR BRILLIANT CAREER CONTINUED.
A CONTINUED SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES THIS WEEK.
All the leading artists in the profession in the versatile Ethiopian, Comic and Terpsichorean line.
Mark the Programme of this week.
Note the Unprecedented Array of Talent.
TONY PASTOR,
The greatest, most original Comic Singer in America.
CHARLEY WHITE,
The Leader of all Negro Comedians, Author of all the successful Ethiopian Farces, Burlesques and Extravaganzas of the day.
J. WAMBOLD, F. SHAW, DAN SHELBY,
T. J. RIGGS, MONS. BRILLIANT, MASTER TOMMY,
MISS ASHTON and DONNOVAN. MONS. LA THORNE,
Together with other prominent performers.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
43-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.

NOTICE OF COPYRIGHT,
BLUESKIN;
or,
JACK AND HIS PALS.
An original drama in Three Acts, entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.
Played to crowded houses for four weeks at the NEW BOWERY THEATRE, New York.
All applications for permission to play this successful sensation drama must be made to the undersigned,
AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE PIECE.
Any infringement upon the copyright will be met by an immediate appeal to the law. JOHN F. POOLE,
43-1t* 119 First street, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE,
The Spring Season opens March 2d. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements will address
WM. HENDERSON, Manager.
All the prominent stars appear here in rapid succession. [43-4t

HART & SIMMONS'
MINSTRELS.
THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN
BLOCKADING SQUADRON,
Will start on their First Annual Tour, on
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2d, visiting all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES
EAST AND WEST.
This troupe will comprise some of
THE BEST PERFORMERS
IN THE PROFESSION. 43-tf

WILL SOON OPEN at Smith & Ditson's Hall
CINCINNATI.
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
GIGANTIC POLYMORAMA OF THE WAR.
The only legitimate exhibition of the War now travelling, forming a complete epitome of all the thrilling incidents and events connected with the
GREAT REBELLION,
Its route through the Western Cities has, thus far, been a GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, exhibiting nightly to HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING, 43-tf

THE WELL KNOWN GYMNASTS AND ACROBATS, the CONRAD BROTHERS, who are without rivals in their profession, are at present fulfilling a highly successful engagement at Gardner & Hemming's Circus, Philadelphia, and will shortly be disengaged. Concert Hall, or other managers wishing their services, will address them at S. Miller's Hotel, Chestnut street, above 3d, Philadelphia. 40-2t*

MADAME MARIE MACART, the Celebrated PREMIERE EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS and PANTOMIMIST, who created such a sensation, and achieved unequalled fame in the States a few years since, having fulfilled a series of protracted engagements (with great success,) will shortly re-visit the scenes of her former triumphs in company with Mr. James Cook, the renowned Hibernian Clown, from Astley's, London, and Mr. George Clark, the celebrated Grotesque, from Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool.
MADAME MACART respectfully intimates that she has a repertoire of New and Beautiful Scenes and Acts, adapted for either Ring or Stage, which are well worthy the attention of a discriminating public. Due notice of their arrival will be given. All communications to be addressed to the Pacific Hotel, New York. 43-tf

TO MANAGERS.—MRS. JAMES M. NIXON is now ready to negotiate with managers for the coming season. Mrs. Nixon, herself and daughter, with menage and trick horses. Address 152 West Fifty-third street, New York. 43-1t*

MISS MARY PROVOST, having concluded one of the most successful engagements of the season, in Washington, appears March 11, in Philadelphia; March 30, Cincinnati; April 20, St. Louis; May 11, Boston; June 22, Chicago. Communications should be addressed to SAM'L COLVILLE,
43-1t* Lafarge House, New York.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. PARSLOE, New York,
39-14t or B. B. MAGINLEY, Acting Manager,
Box 410 Memphis, Tenn.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2d. 1863.
Second week of the great American Actor,
MR. E. EDDY.
Second week of
DION BOUCICAULT'S GREATEST DRAMATIC EFFORT,
THE COLLEEN BAWN,
Which has been received during the past nights by the
LARGEST AUDIENCES
That ever have assembled within the
WALLS OF ANY THEATRE IN THE WORLD.
MR. E. EDDY.....as.....Miles-na-Coppaleen.
He will also appear in his Original
DUAL CHARACTER,
In the Splendid Drama of
THE SPIRIT FRIEND;
OR, THE ANGEL OF NIGHT.
NOTE.—That all may have an opportunity to witness the first great scene of the COLLEN BAWN, it will commence at nine o'clock. The initial performance will be the SPIRIT FRIEND. The whole to conclude with
THE PIRATE'S LEGACY. 43

JANE ENGLISH'S NEW TREMONT THEATRE,
LATE ALLSTON HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
This new and magnificent edifice, located in the most fashionable part of Boston, is now being rebuilt, under the direction of Mrs. English, aided by a talented architect, skilfull and experienced machinists, scenic artists of taste and ability, and will be transformed into a
FIRST CLASS THEATRE,
for the production of VAUDEVILLES, OPERAS, AGREEABLE COMEDIES, PANTOMIMES, and such unexceptionable pieces as cannot fail to satisfy the most refined taste. Mrs. English is now ready to receive applications for Engagements from respectable members of the profession, as it is her intention to offer to the Boston public the BEST TALENT OF THE COUNTRY, and for SUCH will pay the most liberal salary. Will be opened at an early day. Address JANE ENGLISH,
42- Sole Lessee and Manager.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
The Original
IRISH BOY
and
YANKEE GIRL,
Having completed a most unparalleled successful engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will commence at
GROVER'S
WASHINGTON THEATRE,
On
MONDAY, JANUARY 26th.
42- W. H. PAUL, Agent.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Have concluded their very successful engagement of six weeks, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
These eminent and popular Artists are now performing at
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA,
Commencing Monday, January 5th, 1863.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE.
600 BROADWAY.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS IN AMERICA.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
At 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., by
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, & MULES.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts. 43-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Gallery 15 cts. 40-tf

ARLINGTON, LEON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS, from 585 Broadway, New York, comprising the following talented performers:—

WILLIAM ARLINGTON, Comedian;	ALBERT JONES, Comedian;
J. B. DONNIKER, First Violin, and Leader;	SAMUEL GARDNER, Basso, late of Matt Peel's;
MASTER LEON, Danseuse and Burlesque Prima Donna;	WM. SPAULDING, Harpist;
EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian;
	FRANK CORDELLA, Pianist;
	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet;
	JAMES GRANVILLE, 2d Violin.

[From the Cincinnati Inquirer.]
"This splendid troupe of Minstrels, the best that has ever visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall one week longer. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last night but when we take into consideration the musical ability and talent that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained."
Due notice will be given of their return East.
41-3t* R. L. DINGESS, Agent.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM E. SINN.....Sole Proprietor.
Also of
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
Or WILLIAM E. SINN, Proprietor,
41-tf Box 159, Washington, P. O.

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
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E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 40-tf

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
40-tf Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 39-tf

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 614½ Broadway. Wanted—for San Salvador and Panama, three Italian Opera Singers, tenor, baritone, and bass; and two Danseuses. Also, first class attraction for Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore; Hamblin's Varieties, Washington; and Jane English's New Theatre, Boston. Apply, or address as above, enclosing red stamp. N. B. Theatrical Wardrobe and Scenery, bought and sold. JAS. CONNER & Co., Agents. 43-1t

WANTED.—Three Negro Comedians; also, two first class Danseuses. Address by letter, stating qualifications, salary, &c,
41-tf R. W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway, N. Y.

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now returning from the
MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN
Ever made in the Eastern States, and will visit the scenes of
THEIR FORMER TRIUMPHS,
In the Empire State, en-route
TO THE GREAT WEST,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE,
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Advertiser and Paragraphist.
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Programme Wrestler,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
The Celebrated Pantomimists
J. S. MAFFITT, and W. H. BARTHOLOMEW.
MISS JULIA PRICE, MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. TOM VANCE,
KATE HUGHES, MR. C. W. PARKER.
KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet.....25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:
MISS LOUISA WELLS, MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY, MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON, MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT, MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD, MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD, MLLE FLORA,
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,
EDWARD BERRY, WM. M. REEVE. T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY, GEO. P. JAQUES, NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR, JOHN CONKLIN, P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY, J. JEROME, LESLIE MAY,
FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
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J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.
SIGNORA BIANCHI, SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES, MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE, MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG, SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI, MONS. CHARLES,
And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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MISS EVA BRENT.
THE ACCOMPLISHED VOCALIST,
Is now playing a highly successful engagement at the
WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Washington, D. C.
Business communications should be addressed to
J. W. ALLINSON, Treasurer Continental Theatre,
41-4t* Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE PROFESSION.—Being disengaged at present, I offer my services as BUSINESS AGENT or TREASURER for any theatre, or as TRAVELING AGENT for any kind of exhibition. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
39-tf Clipper Office, New York.

CARD.—The undersigned, having noticed in the Philadelphia *Mercury*, and other papers of last week, an advertisement bearing his name, (such advertisement being no doubt issued by some malicious scamp for dishonest purposes), takes this method of repudiating the forgery.
For a year past I have not been connected in any way, directly or indirectly, with any place of amusement in Philadelphia; the only place of which I am proprietor being the AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 444 Broadway, N. Y., which a generous public have assisted me in keeping open for the past four years, while every other place of the kind was compelled to close.
Those bogus managers, agents, etc., have taken refuge in Philadelphia, where they now recommence the same course that drove them from New York, viz.: the publication of false cards, dishonesty and forgery, coupled with immoral exhibitions, which recently compelled our State Legislature to enact laws for their entire suppression.
To return good for a puerile attempt at evil, I would teach those runaway agents, above alluded to, the secret of my success. It is this: an upright and honest principle in management, and a cash down, square-dealing method in business. As this may be as opposite to their principles as it is foreign to their natures, I leave them to the public, from whom chicanery and forgery, sooner or later, find their reward, as those parties above alluded to have already found out in New York.
43-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,
MRS. JUDAH, MISS MOWBRAY,
MRS. C. R. THORNE, MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
MRS. JAS. STARK, MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH, MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN, W. C. FORBES,
S. W. LEACH, FRED FRANKS,
E. THAYER, H. BROWN,
With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
Parquet.....50 cts	Gallery.....25 cts

Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.
Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.—This house is the only Concert Room open in Baltimore, and is carried on by GEORGE LEA, formerly
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK MELODEON.
Performers of talent wishing engagements will address as above. Open every night except Sunday, and "No Matinees."
N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet. Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

WORCESTER THEATRE.
J. C. MYERS.....Lessee and Manager.
Open for a short Season, commencing Monday, Feb, 2d, with
YANKEE ROBINSON,
As the Star; followed on the 9th by
MISS EMILY THORNE,
The HERNANDEZ RAVEL TROUPE occupying the Academy of Music, Providence, at the same time. 43-1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT by J. BOGAN, 139 First avenue, N. Y., at 50 cts. per lesson, or twelve for $5. BOGAN'S BANJOS, superior to any in the world for tone and finish, on hand or made to order, from $5 upwards. Satisfaction guaranteed. N. B.—On receipt of $1, I will send Three Written Lessons on the Banjo, or Jig Dancing. Address as above. No humbug. 43-1t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE,
FOURTEEN IN NUMBER.
J. HENEAGE CARTER.....Sole Proprietor.
Owing to the great success of their exhibitions in this country, they will postpone their contemplated visit to Cuba this season; and will again visit the Cities of the West, where they were so favorably received last fall. The company is now enlarged and otherwise greatly improved. 42-2t*

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

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W. C. WEMYSS,
42-2t* 575 Broadway, New York.

M'LLE LIZETTE,
JIG AND FANCY DANCER,
Is now performing with success at the
VARIETIES, WASHINGTON, D. C. 42-2t*

WANTED—A capable and energetic man with one or two Thousand Dollars, to take charge of a first class Minstrel Troupe, to travel; have been traveling eight years, and are well established. For particulars please address JOHN S. LEFAVOUR, of Howard Opera Troupe, Salem, Mass. 41-2t*

ONLY BILL POSTERS IN BALTIMORE.—J. W. HARPER & Co., No. 3 North st. (basement.) 41-12t*

GEORGE P. MADDEN, Ethiopian Comedian and Magician is inquired after. Send your address to the CLIPPER office. 43-

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
31-3m Louisville, Ky.

GENTLEMEN! If you want to learn the best method of enjoying yourself in the society of Ladies, send 25 cents and receive a Book containing full instructions, and many other racy things. Address ALONZO LINCOLN,
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CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE and AFTER, 25 cts each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 43-1t*

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"DAY'S SEALED CIRCULAR LETTERS"—a pleasant surprise to our patrons, will be mailed this week to all who have applied. Send three cent stamp to
43-2t CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn.

THE PAPER PANIC!—Now is the time to buy BOOKS and PRINTS, before they advance. Send three cent stamp for our "SEALED CIRCULAR LETTER."
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SOMETHING that will give great satisfaction to Sporting Men. It is easily tried and is sure of success. Sent for 25 cents. Address F. WENDELL,
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EXQUISITE READING.—PERFECTLY ENCHANTING. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, carefully sealed.
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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives—ah! well,
I must not tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press,
With fond caress,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes on the snow:
And where it goes
Beneath the rose,
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow;
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

"3---7---ACE."

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS AND THE MYSTERIOUS GAMESTER.

Play ran high at the rooms of Naroumoff, Lieutenant in the Horse Guards, at St. Petersburg. A long winter's night had passed unobserved, and it was already five in the morning before supper was served. The winners sat down with excellent appetite; those less fortunate gazed fixedly on their empty plates. The influence of champagne, however, soon quickened the conversation, and made it general.

"What luck to-day, Sourine?" asked the host of one of his companions.

"As usual, I have lost. My nerves are of iron. I adhere to the same card, and invariably am beaten."

"But, during the whole evening, haven't you once tried the red? Really, your obstinacy surprises me."

"What think you of Hermann?" cried another of the guests, pointing to an officer of engineers. "He has never touched a card or ventured a wager, and he watches our play till five in the morning."

"The game interests me," replied Hermann; "but I have no fancy to risk what is needful for what is superfluous."

"Hermann is a German, and therefore an economist," cried Towski, "and that is the secret; but the case of my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedatorna, is far more remarkable."

"Why?" asked his friends.

"Have you not observed that she never plays?" continued Towski.

"In truth," said Naroumoff, "it is remarkable for a woman of eighty not to gamble."

"You don't know the reason?"

"No; is there a reason for it?"

"Listen. You must know that my grandmother went to Paris sixty years ago, and was the rage there. People followed in crowds to see this Muscovite Venus. Richelieu himself was in love with her, and the old lady asserts he was near blowing his brains out on account of her cruelty. In that age the women played at Faro; my grandmother, at court, one evening, lost a heavy sum to the Duke of Orleans. On her return home, she placed herself before my grandfather, and asked him for money to discharge her indebtedness. My late grandfather was a sort of upper servant to his wife. He had a wholesome dread of her; but the amount she asked for made him start from his chair. He referred to his memoranda, and showed my grandmother that in six months she had squandered half a million. He told her flatly that his government offices of Moscow and Saratoff were far distant from Paris, and that he could not and would not advance the sum she required. Imagine my grandmother's rage. She slapped his face, and passed the night in a different apartment. Next morning, she returned to the charge—used all her blandishments and eloquence; but my grandsire was inflexible.

"As luck would have it, she was acquainted with a man who was very celebrated in those times. You have heard of the Count de St. Germain, of whom so many marvels are told. You know he used to pass himself off as a species of Wandering Jew—possessor of the Elixer of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. Some ridiculed him as an empiric. Casanova, in his Memoirs, speaks of him as a spy. However all this may be, St. Germain, notwithstanding his mysterious way of life, was much sought after in good society, and was really an amiable man. To this day, my grandmother thinks of him with lively affection, and will not hear him spoken of disrespectfully. She thought he would probably advance the sum she wanted, and wrote him a note to call at her residence. The old wonder-worker obeyed forthwith, and found her in despair. In few words she told him of her misfortune and the cruelty of her husband, adding that her only hope was in his friendship.

After reflecting a while, Saint Germain said:—"Madam, I could easily advance you the money; but I know you would never rest until you had repaid me—thus I would only be relieving you of one difficulty by plunging you into another. There is a means of relieving you; you must win back this money."

"But, my dear Count," replied the old lady, "I have already told you I haven't a single pistole left."

"Never mind," observed Saint Germain, "only listen!" He then imparted a secret to her, which each of you, I am sure, would pay a high price to learn.

The young officers were breathless with attention. Towski stopped to light a pipe, swallowed a mouthful of the smoke, and went on as follows:—

"That night my grandmother went to Versailles, and took part in a game with the Queen. The Duke of Orleans was banker. She made some trivial excuse for not having settled her debt, and then began to play. She took three cards; the first won; she doubled on the second—won again; put all her winnings on the third, and, in a word, came out gloriously."

"Mere chance!" cried one of the young officers.

"What a story!" said Hermann.

"The cards were shuffled expressly!" remarked a third.

"I think not," replied Towski, gravely.

"How!" cried Naroumoff, "you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and you have not made her tell you?"

"Ah!" said Towski, "that's the devil of it. She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three were inveterate gamesters, and none of them could extract her secret, which would have greatly benefitted them, and me, too. But listen to what my uncle, Count Ivan Ilitz, told me, and I have his word of honor to its truth. Tchaplitzki—he, you know, who died in poverty after dissipating millions—one day in his youth lost 300,000 roubles to Zoritch. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was not at all indulgent to the follies of young people, had, for what reason I never could discover, made an exception in favor of Tchaplitzki; she gave him the numbers of three cards to play, one after the other, exacting his word of honor never to play again. Tchaplitzki immediately repaired to Zoritch and asked a renewal of the game. On the first card he won 50,000 roubles. He doubled each time, and came out not only with what he had lost, but a considerable winner besides. But here it is six o'clock, and it is surely time to retire."

Each one emptied his glass and withdrew.

Hermann was the son of a German living in Russia, who had left him a small capital. Firmly resolved to preserve his independonce, he had made it a point not to touch the revenue of his property, but to live upon his salary in the most economical manner. He was uncommunicative and ambitious; and his reserve rarely furnished his companions with an occasion for mirth. Under a calm exterior, he concealed violent passions and a disordered imagination; but he was always master of himself, and had avoided the irregularities of youth. Thus, born a gamester, he had never touched a card—his position, as he said himself, not permitting him to risk the necessary for the superfluous. Nevertheless, he would pass whole nights at the gaming table, watching with feverish interest the fluctuations of fortune.

The anecdote of the three cards of the Count Saint Germain had forcibly struck his imagination, and all night he was thinking of it. "Who knows," thought he, while walking next evening in the streets of St. Petersburg, "but the old Countess might entrust me with her secret? Ah! if she would only tell me three winning cards! I must get an introduction, win her confidence, and pay my court to her. Yes, but she is 87 years old! She may die this week, perhaps to-morrow. Besides, is this story true? No, no, economy, temperance, industry—these are my three winning cards. With these I shall double, quadruplicate my capital. These will ensure my independence and happiness."

In a day-dream of this kind, he suddenly found himself in one of the great streets of St. Petersburg, in front of a mansion of somewhat ancient architecture. The street was encumbered with carriages, filing off in front of a splendidly illuminated court. He saw stepping out from each carriage the delicate slipper of a young girl, or the top-boot of a general. Furs and cloaks passed in procession before a gigantic Swiss.

Hermann stopped. "Who lives there?" he asked of the watchman shivering in his sentry box.

"The Countess———." It was Towski's grandmother.

Hermann shuddered. He remembered the story of the three cards. He wandered round and round the mansion, thinking of its occupant, her riches and mysterious power. Worn out at last, he went home; but it was long before he slept, and in his dreams he saw dancing before his eyes packs of cards and green tables, heaped with bags of gold and with bank notes. He was conscious of making *parole* after *parole*, pocketing piles of ducats, and stuffing his portfolio with bank bills. When he awoke, he sighed to find none of his fantastic winnings, and started out to renew his peregrinations about the city. He was soon in front of the Countess's mansion. He felt impelled by some irresistible force. He stopped and examined the windows.

That night there was a ball at the residence of a foreign Embassador. Hermann learned, from one of the servants of the Countess, that she would attend it. At ten o'clock that night he was again before her door. The weather was dreadful—the caverns of the winds seemed to have been opened, and the snow fell unceasingly in large flakes. Enveloped in a light overcoat, Hermann felt neither wind nor snow. At length the Countess's carriage made its appearance. He saw two tall footmen raise a wan old spectre in their arms, and lay her, all wrapped in furs, upon the cushions. The carriage door closed, and the vehicle rumbled off over the snow. The Swiss shut the hall door, the lights in the front windows disappeared, and silence reigned through the house. Hermann walked back and forth on the street. Soon he approached a lamp and consulted his watch. Twenty minutes to eleven. Leaning against the lamp-post, his eyes fixed upon the hands of his time-piece, he counted the minutes with impatience. As the clock struck eleven, he mounted the steps, opened the street door, and entered the well-lighted hall. Thanks to fortune, the Swiss is not to be seen! With a firm and rapid step he bounded up the staircase, and, in the twinkling of an eye, found himself in the ante-chamber. Here, near a lamp, slept a footman, stretched upon a well-worn sofa. Hermann lightly slipped past him, and crossed the dining-room and the parlors, in which there was no light. The light from the ante-chamber served him as a landmark. At length he reached the sleeping rooms. In front of a glass frame, full of saintly images, burned a golden lamp. Gilded arm-chairs and divans, with faded colors and soft cushions, were disposed symmetrically along the sides of the room. Two portraits hung upon the walls—the one representing a stout man of forty, very red in the face, in a light green dress, and with a decoration on his breast; the other, an elegant young woman, with an acquiline nose, her hair combed back from the temples, and powdered, and ornamented with a rose. There was also a profusion of curious clocks, baskets, fans, and other toys—inventions of the last century, cotemporaneous with the balloons of Montgolfier and the magnetism of Mesmer. Hermann passed behind a screen which concealed a little iron bedstead. He now perceived two doors—one leading into a dark cabinet, the other into a corridor. He entered the cabinet, and closed the door.

Time passed slowly. Everything in the house was quiet. The clock struck midnight. Hermann stood leaning against a stove which contained no fire. He was calm, and his pulse beat with even strokes, as of a man determined to brave any danger which might offer, because that danger was inevitable. He heard one strike, then two o'clock, and shortly after the distant rumbling of a carriage. He felt agitated in spite of himself. The carriage approached rapidly, and stopped. Then came the noise of servants running up and down stairs, and confused voices. The apartments became illuminated, and three old waiting women entered. Finally, came the Countess, a walking mummy, who sank into a capacious chair. Hermann watched through a crack in the door. He saw the Countess, in front of a large mirror, submit to the disrobing of her ball clothes. Her dress, of yellow silk, spangled with silver, fell down to her swollen feet, and he witnessed, unwillingly, her distasteful night toilet. At length the Countess sat down in her night gown and cap. In this costume, more suitable to her age, she appeared less frightful than in her finery.

Like most old people, the Countess was troubled with want of sleep. She caused her arm chair to be rolled into the embrasure of the window, and dismissed her women. The lights were all extinguished, except the one in front of the images. The Countess, yellow and shriveled, her lips hanging tremulous, was slowly rocking herself to and fro. Her bleared eye balls betrayed no emotion; and to see her thus rocking, one would have thought her to move, not from her own volition, but from some secret mechanism.

Suddenly this death head became lighted with animation; the lips no longer trembled, the eyes began to brighten. Before the Countess stood an unknown man—it was Hermann.

"Have you no fear, madam," said Hermann in a low voice, and emphasising his words. "For God's sake, fear not. I intend you no harm whatever. On the contrary, it is a favor which I come to implore of you."

The old woman looked at him in silence, as if she understood him not. Thinking her deaf, he bent over to her ear, and repeated his words. Still she remained silent.

"You have it in your power," said Hermann, to insure the happiness of my life, at no cost to yourself. I am aware that you can tell me three cards which—"

He stopped. The Countess understood his meaning. She was meditating a reply. She said:

"It was a jest; I swear it, a jest."

"No, madam," replied Hermann, angrily. "Remember Tchaplitzki, whom you caused to win—"

She appeared agitated. One instant her features showed how vivid was her emotion; but soon they resumed their stolid immobility.

"Will you not show me the three winning cards?" continued Hermann.

The Countess spoke not.

"Why should you keep this secret? For your grandsons? They know not the value of money. What good would the three cards do them? They are debauches. I am a man of regular habits; I know the value of money. The three cards will not be lost on me. Come—"

He stopped and tremblingly awaited a reply. He knelt. "If ever your heart felt love; if you can recall its delightful thrill; if you have ever smiled at the voice of a new-born babe; or your heart has beat with a human emotion; I entreat you by your love for husband, lover, offspring, by all that is sacred in this life, to grant this prayer. Reveal your secret. Let us see. Perhaps your secret is linked with some terrible crime, with the loss of your immortal soul. You may have made a compact with the devil. Think of your age; how little longer you have to live. I am ready to risk my salvation for your sins, to be myself responsible for them before God. Tell me your secret. Remember that a man's happiness is in your hands; that not only myself, but my posterity will bless your memory, and venerate you as a saint!"

The old Countess answered not a word.

"Accursed hag!" he cried, rising, and grinding his teeth; "I know how to make you speak," and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

At this sight, the countess a second time showed great emotion. Her head shook violently, she stretched her hand as if to push back the weapon; then suddenly fell backwards, and remained still.

"Come, cease this childishness," exclaimed Hermann, seizing her arm, "I adjure you for the last time! Will you tell me the three cards?"

She replied not, and he perceived that she was dead.

Three days after that eventful night, at 9 o'clock in the morning, Hermann entered the convent of ———, to witness the funeral ceremonies of the old Countess. He felt no remorse, though unable to disguise from himself that he was her murderer. Without religion, he was superstitious. Believing the deceased could exercise a malign influence on his fortunes, he thought to appease her manes by attending her funeral.

The church was crowded. The body lay, with arms crossed, upon a bier, surrounded by the relatives. The Countess was so old, her death surprised nobody, and it would have been looked upon as affectation to shed tears for her death.

After the ceremonies, the relatives, friends, and servants passed in procession to take a last look at the body. Hermann in his turn approached. He knelt a moment beside the bier. Then, pale as death, he bent over the dead body.

Suddenly, it struck him that the eyes of the dead winked at him in mockery. He started backward, and fell his full length. The attendants hastened to raise him.

"That young officer was an illegitimate son of the Countess," was heard remarked.

All that day Hermann was a prey to extraordinary uneasiness. In the unfrequented restaurant where he took his meals, he drank, contrary to his habits; in hope of deadening his restlessness; but the wine only inflamed his imagination, and gave new life to the ideas which had occupied his mind. He went home early; throwing himself all dressed upon his bed, he fell into a deathlike sleep.

When he awoke it was night, and the moon beams illuminated his chamber. Looking at his watch, he found it wanted a quarter to three. He sat up in bed, and began thinking of the old Countess. At this moment, some one in the street approached his window as if to look into the room, and then passed on. He scarcely paid any attention to this; but a moment after, he heard the door of the ante-room open. He thought it was his servant, drunk, as usual, returning from a debauch; but he soon distinguished an unfamiliar step. The door opened, and a woman in white appeared. Thinking it was his fosterdam, he asked what could have brought her at such an hour; but the woman in white, crossing the chamber rapidly, came to the foot of the bed, and Hermann recognized the Countess.

"I come to you against my will," she said firmly. "I am bound to comply with your prayer; 3, 7, ace, will win for you, one after another; play but one card in twenty-four hours; but after that, never play more."

At these words she turned toward the door, and disappeared, dragging her slippered feet over the floor. A moment after, a white figure passed along the street, stopping at the window as if to look in upon him.

Hermann remained some time thunderstruck, then got up and entered the ante-chamber. His servant, in his usual state of intoxication, slept on the floor. Waking him with difficulty, he could obtain no explanation from him. The door of the ante-chamber was locked. Hermann returned to his room, and wrote down the circumstances of his vision.

"3, 7, ace"—soon drove from Hermann's imagination the remembrance of the old Countess's last moments; 3, 7, ace, were in his head and on his lips during every second of the day. Ace, 3, 7, appeared in his dreams, taking every fantastic shape. All his thoughts centred in this one thing. He determined to ask for leave to travel. In Paris, doubtless, he could find some place where he could make his fortune in three strokes. Chance soon relieved his embarrassment.

In Moscow there was a society of rich gamblers, presided over by the celebrated Tchelakinski, who had passed his life in gaming, and amassed millions. His magnificent establishment, excellent dinners, and open manners, had won him many friends and general consideration. He came to St. Petersburg. The young nobility immediately thronged to his saloons, forgetting balls for soirees with the dice, and giving up the seductions of coquetry for the emotions of the green cloth. Hermann was conducted to Tchelakinski's by Naroumoff.

They passed through long lines of servants; there were crowds everywhere; generals and privy counsellors played at whist; young men, stretched on divans, were eating ices, or smoking pipes. In the principal saloon, at a long table, and surrounded by players, the master of the house presided at a faro bank. He was a man of sixty, with mild and noble features, and snow-white hair. His face beamed with good humor and benevolence. Naroumoff presented Hermann. Tchelakinski shook hands with him, welcomed him, and renewed the deal.

The game lasted a long time. At length, Tchekalinski shuffled for a new deal.

"Allow me to select a card," said Hermann, stretching his hand across a fat man who took up the whole one side of the table. Tchelakinski, smiling graciously, bowed in sign of assent. Naroumoff laughingly congratulated Hermann on having overcome his former austerity, and wished him all sorts of luck at the outset of his new career.

"Now," said Hermann, after writing a figure on the back of his card.

"How much?" said the banker; "I am near-sighted."

"47,000 roubles," answered Hermann.

At these words all eyes were turned upon Hermann.

"He has lost his senses!" thought Naroumoff.

Tchelakinski drew the cards—to the right a 10, to the left a 3.

A murmur of astonishment circulated through the room. A momentary frown showed on the banker's face.

"Shall we settle?" he asked of the winner.

"If you please."

Tchelakinski took out his pocketbook, and paid the amount in bank notes. Hermann put away the money, and retired.

The next day he returned, and Tchekalinski was dealing. Hermann approached the table. The players speedily made room for him. Hermann waited a new deal, took a card, and placed his 47,000 roubles upon it, together with the winnings of the previous day. Tchekalinski drew a knave to the right, a 7 to the left. Hermann showed a 7. There was a universal murmur of astonishment. Tchekalinski, ill at ease, counted out 94,000 roubles, handed them to Hermann, who calmly took them, and withdrew.

The third day he re-appeared. Everybody was waiting. The generals and privy counselors had deserted their whist, to witness this extraordinary play. All crowded around Hermann. Tchekalinski, pale but smiling, prepared to meet his rival. He shuffled the pack, and Hermann cut. The latter selected a card, and covered it with a heap of bank notes. A profound silence, like that during the preliminaries of a duel, pervaded the room.

Tchekalinski began to deal. His hands trembled. On the right appeared a queen, on the left an ace.

"The ace wins," said Hermann, and showed his card.

"Your queen has lost," cried Tchekalinski, in hurried tones.

Hermann shuddered. Instead of an ace, he saw before him the queen of clubs. He could not believe his eyes, nor understand how he could have erred.

With eyes riveted upon the fatal card, it seemed as if the queen of clubs winked and smiled in mockery at him. He recognized with horror a resemblance between the queen and the countess.

"Accursed hag!" he cried, in affright.

With one sweep of his baton Tchekalinski gathered his winnings. Hermann remained for some time immovable and without sense. When at length he quitted the table, there was loud talking for a moment.

"It was a mighty stake," said the players.

Tchekalinski shuffled, and the game went on.

Hermann is the inmate of a mad house.

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That *rara avis* of the feather'd race,
Which sometimes seen is Keswick's lake upon
And Derwent's water, seldom in other place,)
Thus, when our Julia walked the throng among,
Her aspect was so queen-like in its grace,
She seem'd a stately Juno to all eyes;
But her dark skin excited much surprise.

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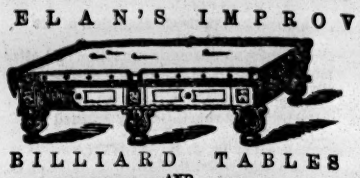

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